CHICAGO LEDGER

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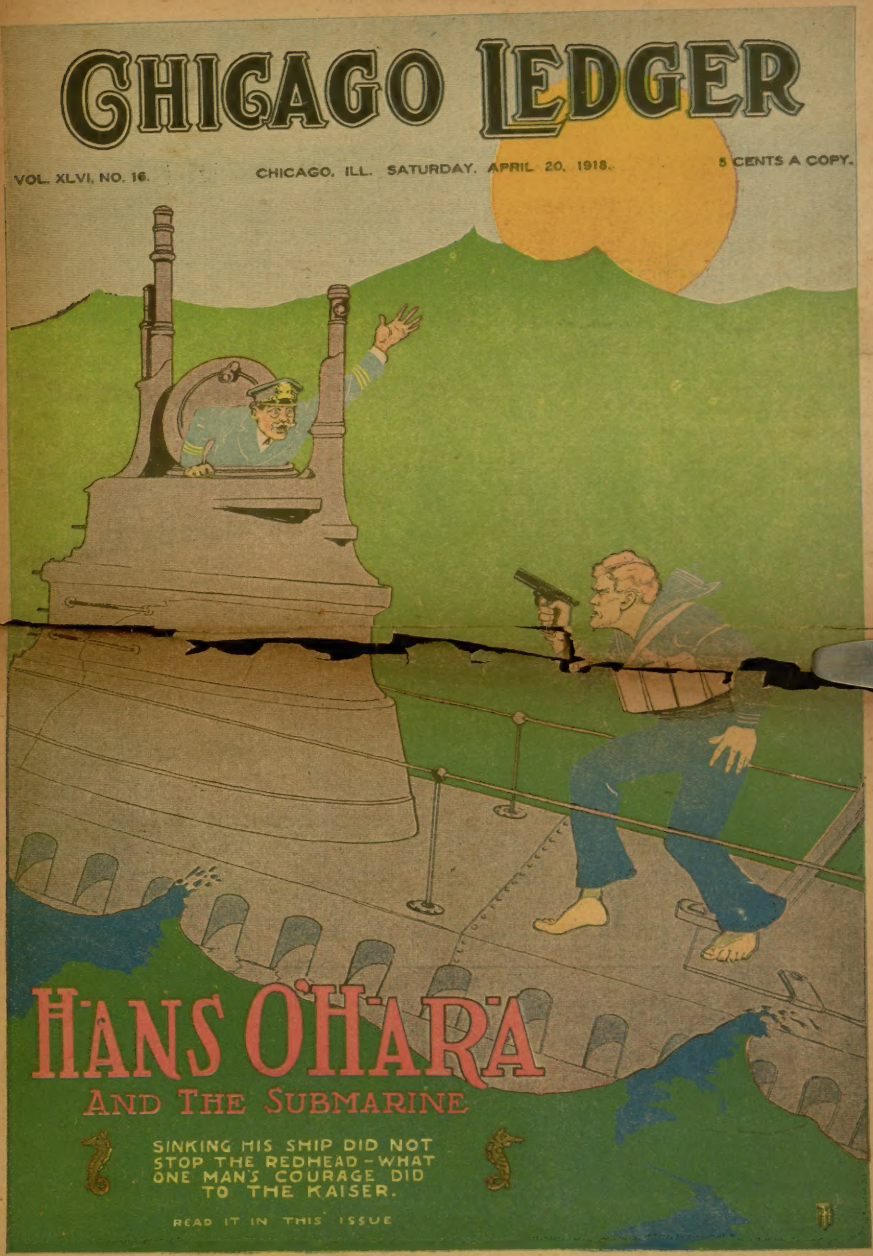

HANS O'HARA
AND THE SUBMARINE

SINKING HIS SHIP DID NOT STOP THE REDHEAD—WHAT ONE MAN'S COURAGE DID TO THE KAISER.

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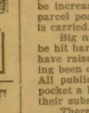

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We're Proud of This Ledger

WE ARE rather proud of this number of the Ledger. From the standpoint of fiction it is one of the best we have put out in a long, long time and we hope that when you have read it thru and are completed to lay it aside you will do so with regret. Sometimes when we have completed an issue we are ready to vow that, try as we might, we could never hope to equal it, yet when the next one is done we think that we have done an even better job. Looking at the thing in retrospect, we know that we are doing better all the time and looking into the future we predict that the Ledger will continue to get better and better as we find out more and more just what you want. We leave it to you if the Ledger isn't the biggest nickel's worth of its kind you ever bought. If every nickel which we spend only would buy as much we would all be millionaires.

LIKE a breath of a country of which we all dream—a country where men are men who are loved or hated for what they are and not for what they may have been—is a serial story which will begin in the next issue of the Ledger. It is laid in the Western country and it has to do with adventures such as used to make our youths' hair stand up straight and our blood course thru our veins in delightful little shivers. It is called "Trailing the Red Herd" and, as the title suggests, it is centered around a prize herd of cattle and rustlers, those parasites of the plains who reap where they have not sowed and live by their ingenuity and daring instead of by honest work. We will not tell you any more about the story, for you will not want to read about it before you have read the first installment. You might mention to that young son of yours that if he likes to read at all he won't want to miss "Trailing the Red Herd."

AMONG the short stories which will be served up to you are one or two that are worthy of more than passing mention. One of them is "How Eleanor Proposed." The title indicates it is a love story, and the first paragraph of the story itself follows:

It was a [illegible] Eleanor was frantic. I could tell that by her voice as it trembled over the wire.

With that kind of a beginning, are you interested? You know one of the first rules of story writing is never to put anything at the start that will not interest your reader. The author of this story evidently has followed that rule if we know anything about it, for we were tremendously interested when we read it, and the story was not a disappointment.

ANOTHER baseball story, written by Will C. Greenleaf, will also be appeared in the columns of the Ledger before, will appear under the title "The Girl and the Game." However, baseball is not the main theme. It is incidental to what might be termed a double-barreled love story, one that holds a mystery you cannot solve until the last few words. One or two little touches of the war, unusual things picked up here and there, also will be featured in the next Ledger. We judge from what we have heard from you that these little glimpses of the greatest thing that has happened in history are quite popular with you and we shall give them to you just as often as possible.

NOW a word about two of the departments of the Ledger—that on "Your Kitchen in War Time" and the needlework column. In the past the Ledger occasionally has published recipes as an incidental part of the magazine. Now it is being published as a patriotic duty. Recently the Government announced that the supply of wheat was short, that we in America must cut down our consumption of this cereal in order that "our boys" and our Allies in Europe might have enough to give them the strength necessary to defeat the Kaiser. It is urged that our people—our women, in particular—adopt as their slogan these words: "Bread, food controller in your home, glad that you have the food to control." The "Your Kitchen in War Time" column is published in the hopes of helping you to do this and all the recipes are what might be called patriotic recipes in that they call for ingredients such as the Government wants the women of our country to use. Make use of this department in doing your bit for Uncle Sam. You will find many helps there.

IN THE needlework department we have been giving you since the first of the year some new and clever ideas. Evidently some of you have not before had taken up crocheting have become interested, for we have been requested to give a lesson for beginners. This we shall do in an early number. The article is being written by Elizabeth Berne, one of the foremost experts in this line in the country and recognized as an authority. We are quite sure you will find her article an interesting affair.

IN A near issue of the Ledger, probably the May 11 number, we will begin publication of one of the best serials with a war angle that it has been our privilege [illegible] has to do with a man who had [illegible] to die [illegible] while by joining the Allies against the Hun. He proposed a dangerous exploit, one that offered little chance of coming out alive. The despondent one secured, and therein lies one of the most intensely interesting stories you could ask. It will be published in four big installments. Watch for it. You will be repaid.

Prize Stratford Snicker.

FOR this story, referring to the Stratford bard, a Chicago prize went to a woman: "The late Senator Tabor, millionaire miner of Denver, built the Tabor Grand Opera House at Denver some thirty years ago. He employed an Italian artist to decorate the interior, with the understanding that he (Tabor) was not to enter the theater until the work was completed. Over the center of the proscenium was a picture of Shakespeare. On a tour of inspection in company with the artist, Senator Tabor said: 'Whose picture is that?' The artist replied: 'Shakespeare! What is he going to be over do for Denver? You paint him out and paint me in.'"

Boyce Papers Will Not Raise Prices

POSTAGE rates on all second class mail matter (newspapers and periodicals) in the United States will be increased from 50 to 60 per cent under a provision of the War Revenue Act, going into effect the first of next July.

Under the old rate, newspapers and periodicals have been carried to all parts of the country at one cent a pound. On the first of July this rate will be increased and in addition there will be a "zone" charge, similar to the parcel post system, the rate going up in proportion to the distance the mail is carried.

Big newspapers and periodicals which have large circulation zones will be hit hard. For this reason many of the publications which have raised their subscription rates for the second time, the first raise having been due to the greatly increased prices of materials, particularly paper. All publications on which the zone rate will be heavy will be forced to either pocket a loss or pass the rates on to their readers. Owing to raise their subscription rates generally, others will have rates based on distance.

There will be no increase in the subscription rates of the W. D. Boyce Company publications, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Altho these papers go to all parts of the country, a large proportion of them to zones distant from Chicago, we are not going to pass the increased cost of mailing on to the public. We want our readers to understand, however, how serious is the burden which has been placed on the publisher. The increase in second class mail rates amounts to a special tax, in addition to the income tax which the publishing business must pay with all others. And this comes on top of a tremendous increase in the price of materials, which has taxed the publisher to the limit of his resources and has forced many publications out of business.

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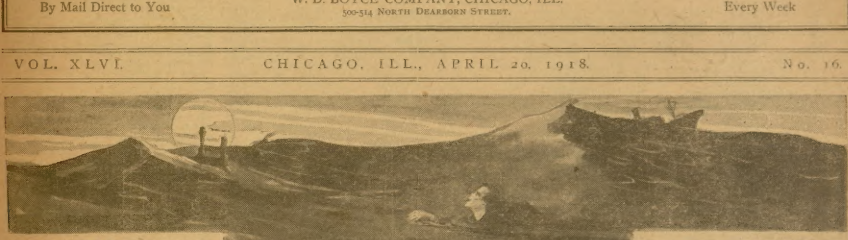

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Hans O'Hara and the Submarine

By G. Lombard Kelly

Improbable, you may think after reading this story, but this is the day when the improbable is most likely to happen and stranger things have occurred.

ABOVE the curly red hair of Hans O'Hara the stars twinkled ceaselessly and the moon, in full, shone down in all its silvery splendor. Below him the black water of the Atlantic fell away fathom after fathom to its mysterious bottom, and around him on all sides extended, limitless, it seemed to him, the golden streaked waves, crowned here and there with vivid whitecaps. Supported in the water by a canvas-covered life-belt of cork, he thanked his patron saint for the summer season and the warm currents from the gulf stream that tempered the chilling waters from the northern continent. For an hour now he had been rocked in the cradle of the deep and he longed for daylight and rescue; but daylight seemed very slow in coming.

Hans had more time on his hands than he knew what to do with, so it was quite natural that he should fall to ruminating upon his most uncomfortable predicament. He remembered with a sense of burning shame the vain boasts that he had made to his former companions on the S. S. Emerald Isle, when Hans had been picked as a gunner for one of the numerous merchant vessels that were being manned for defense against submarines. They had gibed him not a little at being taken from his regular post on a steam-o'-war to shoot a five-inch gun on a passenger steamer, but he had replied in kind and unconcernedly made no account for at least one U-boat. And now, after all his boasting and promising, the opposite had happened—a U-boat had got him.

Hans wondered what his two chums, Tom Malley and Spuds Cassidy, on board the Kassels, would think of him now. He shuddered. Picked as a marksman for the Lithonia, he had not got in a shot before his own guns were disabled and his ship hopelessly torpedoed. But it was right, he argued futilely to himself, in an effort at self-exoneration—what could be done? Defense had been blameless, so unexpected was the attack and so quick was it over with; besides, the watch was at fault in not spotting the sea monster. But Hans' nature was not such as to excuse himself so easily, and he dusted under the yoke of self-imposed condemnation.

Really he had deserved no censure whatever. None of his fellow-artillerist and a German mother (and christened Hans by the latter), he had inherited the good qualities of both races and few of the defects of either. Rather short in stature, he was nevertheless sturdy and well proportioned, a model of perfect manhood.

Now, as he rested on the bosom of the Atlantic and reflected upon his condition and the circumstances that had led up to it, he did not feel very cheerful. But he had one thought to cheer him up, and that was his indifference to escape in the lifeboats, while everybody else had got off. Trying feverishly to the very last to get a gun in working order, he had been left behind and had barely time to secure a life-preserver and avoid being carried down with the Lithonia. Perhaps he would be picked up when daylight came, possibly he would not; it was a pleasant hope, anyway, and not to be put aside lightly.

In contrast to this pleasant vision of succor came the unpleasant thought of attack from underneath, not by a submarine, but by a shark. The vision of a life-belt surmounted by sagging shoulders and a pale, bloodless face did not cheer Hans any great deal. But, he reflected, sharks usually keep near harbors, or the shore, at any rate. But this was not much comfort to a soaked, discouraged young man, at 3 o'clock in the morning, a hundred or so miles from the nearest land, with only the moon, the stars and the rippling waves for company. That the closest point of shore line was doubtless a part of the Emerald Isle might have been comforting a little, if Hans had thought of it, even tho he had never been to Ireland; but it did not occur to him, occupied with other things as his mind was. Finally, exhausted, he dozed off, and when he awoke, the sun had risen and the twinkling stars had disappeared.

To windward, ragged strips of cloud, dark under a gray sky, were fast beginning to vanish before the warming rays of the fiery orb in the east. Within the circumscribed horizon of trailing cloud and tumbling, hurrying waves, Hans was the only object that kept persistently above the water line.

Higher and higher rose the sun in the heavens, and the higher with it climbed Hans' spirits. Thoughts of sharks, like evil dreams, had disappeared with the night, and now the rosy prospect of early succor cheered the isolated gunner.

Hours passed, and hope began to sag, but with the approach of midday, Hans was overjoyed by the appearance of smoke far off to his left. Nearer and nearer it came, and finally he could make out the steamer, her colossal bulk towering high above the water, her four red funnels glowing in the bright rays of the sun. Yelling at the top of his voice, Hans waved his arms frantically in the air, but got no answering hail of recognition. Becoming tired and discouraged, he let his arms back into the water and rested.

Suddenly he was surprised by the report of a gun and frightened by the explosion of a shell a few yards behind him.

"Good God!" he thought, "They have taken me for the periscope of a U-boat. And I can't duck, with this preserver on—oh!"

His exclamation greeted the explosion of a second shell on his right. He was just preparing to shed his life-belt temporarily and submerge when he realized that the steamer did not intend to fire any more. He knew now that his case was hopeless, at least as far as immediate help was concerned. The ship had turned her stern to him and was sagging full speed ahead from the supposed enemy submarine.

Even in his consternation, Hans felt like chuckling. He hoped he would live to tell that to Tom and Spuds. It was almost a joke—on the steamer as well as him—might have been a good one under different circumstances, or from another point of view. But as the steamer finally disappeared from view with only the streaming smudges of smoke to mark the location, Hans' sense of humor died and he settled once more into a condition of almost hopeless lassitude.

He was beginning to feel the gnawing of hunger in the early afternoon, when more excitement promised. Washed by the rolling waves, Hans' position had been slightly changed, but he never once caught sight of any of the Lithonia's boats or saw any sign of life, except now and then a passing petrel, darting here and there with outspread wings over the crested wave tops.

Every so often a great swash of water would break over Hans' head, and he would resolutely wipe the salt from his eyes and look searchingly over the broad expanse for sign of a passing ship. Finally his eyes lighted up with fresh hope, for surely that was smoke obscuring the horizon's otherwise clear blue.

Slowly, as he watched, a second steamer, plunging at its twenty-four knots along the usual southern route to England, came into view, cascades of black smoke trailing away from the quartet of painted funnels, a smother of spray lagging behind the churning propellers. This ship, too, flew the American flag, and Hans knew that she, too, was armed. But he must take chances, even if he was mistaken for the periscope of a hostile undersea craft. Again he yelled to attract attention, and waved his arms in distress, but again he got no answering sign—he realized that he was nearly a thousand yards out of the steamer's course. Utterly disheartened, with head sagging on breast, he fought back tears of anger at his fate and strangled a curse.

But suddenly a whizzing sound attracted his attention and he looked up quickly to see the foam-lashed wake of a torpedo, as it sped toward the flying vessel. The answer, of course, was that a submarine was near at hand. Breathlessly Hans watched the deadly missile as it made its way like an arrow thru the now calm sea. The steamer was now broadside to him and he knew that she presented a fair target for the U-boat. On and on the torpedo sped, decimating yards like inches, and Hans held his breath and prayed that the steamer might escape the fate of the Lithonia. His prayer was answered, for the torpedo passed full twenty yards astern and the distant ship, unaware of the narrow escape it had had, plowed its way sturdily toward its nearing goal.

Hans breathed a sigh of relief when he realized that the missile had not reached its objective and waited in suspense to see whether another would be fired. Minutes passed and no sign of a second torpedo became apparent, and Hans judged that the submarine was either out of torpedoes or that the steamer had outdistanced it.

While cogitating thus, he saw what must be the periscope of the U-boat a few yards off, ahead of him, and he felt himself lucky that none of the three was turned in his direction. Gradually the periscope tubes ascended and at last the convex bulk of the conning tower butted thru the water—the submarine was coming to the surface. The periscope back of the conning tower was lowered and a hatch opened. Hans made a decision. He knew that he could attract the attention of the U-boat and escape from his dilemma, at the cost of being made a prisoner, which, of course, was better far than dying on the open sea, a lingering, starving death. It occurred to him that the sea-devil was out of torpedoes and intended shelling the steamer. If that were the case, her deck would soon be filled with men. He must prevent that, and he believed he could—by divesting himself of his life-belt and swimming to the undersea craft and taking affairs into his own hands. It was a bold idea, but well worth the trying out. He would run the risk of being left in the deep without a preserver, if the U-boat changed its mind and submerged; on the other hand, if he failed in his purpose, he might reach the bottom with lead perforations in his five feet six of sturdy anatomy.

Hesitation was not one of the characteristics of Hans O'Hara. Besides, the chance involved and the danger were merely spurs to him. Incentives to take the gamble. The idea had hardly struck him when he had cast off the life-belt and struck out for the submarine. Only a few well-timed strokes were necessary before he clambered up the slippery side of the dripping monster and stood beside the fourteen-pounder bow gun, dripping like a half-drowned rat, but happy as a lark. Before leaving he felt for his Colt automatic and found it safe. He jerked it out savagely and held it ready on his hip, the while examining the fourteen-pounder and noting with a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction that it was ready for action. The submarine was well out of the water now and Hans knew that if the crew were coming up they would show up in a moment. And he was right. He had hardly succeeded in directing his gun toward the conning tower when a man's head emerged from the half-open cap of the latter and the owner of it started out upon the narrow, canvas-screened bridge on its summit. As soon as he spied the dripping, red-haired, determined figure of Hans O'Hara, pistol in hand and a glint of devilish meaning in his cold gray eyes, his face became the personification of astonishment and

fright and he started back precipitately into the hatch.

"Gott in Himmel!" he shrieked. "Der Teufel hat uns!"

Hans struggled for some of the German that his mother had taught him and regretted that he had not taken her advice to learn it thoroly. But this was time for action, not regret.

"Stop—I mean bleiben Sie!" he yelled, his red hair bristling, his gray eyes forceful with determination. "Sagen Sie nichts!"

The man stayed and another head showed up. Hans studied a moment, while the second man looked quizzically at his predecessor, then ducked quickly out of sight.

"Sagen Sie ihm auruckzubleiben!" spouted Hans—"I say, tell him to stay down there, or I'll blow your verdammten Kopf off!"

The German said something to those below and Hans was satisfied with what he said. In brief, he had correctly diagnosed the situation and in doing so spread a small panic among his compatriots. His pale face showed how he liked his own prediksment. So far, at least, Hans' calculations had run true to expectations.

"Now," said the young man, calmly, in his best German, "tell your Kaptian to come up, or I'll send it to him."

The captive called the order down below, and after a moment a uniform cap, covering a surly, angered face, emerged from the conning tower hatch.

"Come out here," commanded Hans

The man hesitated.

Hans aimed his pistol at his head meaningly and the officer came out.

"No trickery now," warned the farmer, and the captain knew that he meant business, "or I'll blow a hole in your conning-tower big enough to let the whole Atlantic in! Get me a compass!"

At a command from the officer one of the men below handed up a small compass and the first man upon deck passed it to Hans.

"Now," announced the captor, "I've got you gents just where I want you. Do just as I say and all will be well. Disobey in the least and we'll all make acquaintance with Davy Jones' Locker for I'll blow a hole in this boat that you couldn't stop up with the Kaiser's swelled head, and that's some hole, lemme tell you."

The commander of the U-boat grimaced, and Hans knew he had won.

"All aboard!" he cried. "We're Southampton bound, wherever that is! Now, Kaptian," he ordered, "direct your ship and I tell you, I'll give my orders to your steersman thru you. And remember that I understand that evil lingo of yours and anything phony means a little unpleasantness between you and me. Let's go!"

With which announcement Hans, thru the officer as a mouthpiece, directed a course due east, and the submarine began forging ahead at full surface speed, eighteen knots, the oil engines pulsing noiselessly but powerfully.

Hans wondered what the men within thought of the unusual situation, but presently his cogitation along that line gave way to a plan more important. It was all well enough as long as it was day, but what would he do when night fall came? It was even now well along in the afternoon and it was extremely doubtful that he would sight land before dark. The difficult holding of the mastery of the boat in the dark loomed up as a tentative impossibility. Hans resolved to order part of the crew on deck and have them bound to act as hostages, the rest to do their work. That done, he would let daylight thru the conning tower with his fourteen-pounder and observe the sunset thru it. After that he would stay the last moon to come out. As deeply as he was thinking, he never once let his eyes fall from his two prisoners at hand, the commandant and the crew member that he had first accosted. Hans' greatest hope was to be observed by some American or English ship, preferably a destroyer, and with that idea in mind he had the captain to run up a white flag.

Having done this, his stomach reminded him that he had not eaten anything for nearly twenty-four hours, so he had something brought up to strengthen him for his all-night vigil. He was just about to munch a sandwich when the thought of the possibility of poison and dashed it aside. As he did so, he caught a light in the distance with his keen eyes and congratulated himself upon a narrow escape.

The sun had become an orange orb in the west and Hans' prisoners were beginning to grow restive, when a heavy cloud of smoke appeared off the port bow of the submarine. Nearer and nearer it came, at the speed of a locomotive, and as it drew up to lay, Hans nearly shouted with joy as he recognized the familiar outlines of his beloved comrade, the Kansas, pride of the battleship fleet. The sea-devil's captain's face fell and he cursed in impotent rage.

Men on the destroyer were laughing and cheering as they let down boats, for some one with a field glass had guessed the situation and passed the word around. Presently the first boat came alongside and in it sat Spuds Cassidy, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, I'm d—d if it ain't that runt, Shorty O'Hara," he yelled, loud enough for those on the Kaiser's to hear. "Whatcher doin', Shorty?"

"Holdin' a polecat by the tail," replied Hans with a grin. "Hurry up with your d—d boats and take this crew on board; I'm hungry easily."

It was the work of but a few minutes to transfer the U-boat's crew to the destroyer. Only the ober-ingenieur and two ordinary ingenieurs, together with the hochbootsman, were left in the undersea craft. The others, crestfallen, astonished, passed sullenly out and with malevolent, downcast glances at their captor, crawled into the waiting boats. They did not join in the three ringing cheers that greeted Hans O'Hara's victory as the sun passed slowly below the western horizon, a huge golden coin in the savings bank of time.

Hans was washing up, after eating a snatch of food, when Tom Malley and Spuds Cassidy found him—alone at last.

"Hey, shorty," shouted Tom, "you know what you done gone went and done—you caught the commodore; that guy was head of a squadron of six U-boats. He was out of torpedoes and was getting ready to withdraw to some of his others to head that steamer off, when up you popped from nowheres and spoiled his little game. How'd that a shame? Them other five little boats ain't got no popper. You're some boy, Shorty, some boy."

"You mighty tootin'," corroborated Spuds. "That's why I'm all right up U-boats single-handed. Some sailor, Shorty!"

Tom and Spuds could not see Hans' chest swell with pride thru his loose blouse, but they could see the broad grin of pleasure on his pink face.

"Well, boys," said Hans, "I had to get even; that was the same boat that got the Little Jessie. It was fatal nature and a sense of accomplishment prompted him to say, "I told you I'd get me a submarine." But he conquered the desire and merely replied: "Accidents will happen, fellows; and thank the Lord I'm home again!"

The Feelin's o' Fathers and Mothers

By Mary Barrett Howard

IT IS probable that Billy Brown had been endowed at the baptismal fount with the more dignified appellation of William, but nobody—not even the minister, for he knows to call him anything but "Billy."

He had begun life with one shoulder [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

She was young and beautiful—a duchess, a widow, a mother, a dancer and, but for a man's love and daring, a traitor.

MY LADY'S TREASON

By Augustin W. Breeden

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I HAD grown sick of seeing the sights of Paris and longed for the fresh air from the wooded hills. So I rode out as far as the tramcars would take me, and then gave myself up to the woods and fields. I had climbed a steep slope and come out upon a ferny brake half-circled by giant chestnut trees. In the distance I could see the Palace of Versailles, and to the left a military railroad yard, aviation field and a vast reserve encampment. Below me and to the right, on the side of a little grassy hill, a mile away, I saw a square of white, and then I understood what I had been hearing all afternoon—they were at target practice with a French 75. I fastened my eyes on the distant square of canvas, eager to spot the hits made by the young reserves.

"But you are not French, ma petite," a rough voice urged near at hand, breaking upon my ears with peculiar vividness because I had believed myself quite alone. "What does it signify that you were born in Paris? What has this France done for you that you should love her so well? France!" the man's voice was hateful with a sneering scorn —"France! that has taken your rights from you. France! that will take your baby girl from you and place her in the hands of those who hate you. France will crush you under foot. She will drive you to the boulevards—"

"Ah——" It was a low cry of pain. "Ca n'est pas vrai. It is not true. I can dite. I can cite, but not that——"

It was the sweetest voice, the most true in its musical voicing, of a wild dread that I had ever heard. I stepped nearer to the sound of it and then I saw them, their heads only, above the luxuriant ferns. Lovers! Their heads were hovering close, but there was distrust in the girl's averted eyes, and a frown twisted the rugged, harsh features of the man who urged her. I saw a gleam of anger dart from his eyes at her sweet, averted profile.

"Die? You with your leaping youth, your beauty—I to lie harsh. But that is you the alternative I hold out to you. I offer you wealth, friendless, Fortune, with all the pleasures your little girl heside you always."

"Oh, Malemhute!" cried the girl, with a pathetic catch in her voice, "I love—I love my little pickaninny—I love her dearly! I would not sell this thing you ask of me!"

"Out of loyalty, I suppose to the mother of Le Duc, who scorn off her lovely daughter-in-law because, forsooth, she is born of the wrong race of Greek Gott!"

Mr. Malembute bit off his oath before it had well been uttered.

"No," replied the girl thoughtfully, "but I am Parisienne! It is Paris, Paris that I love——

"She'll throw you on the jittiques when she is done with you, my lady!

"Paris, that has always turned a smiling face toward me?" she resumed, with some fervor. "Paris where I was a man treated me other than as a lady. Paris where the richest woman will speak with the same face—Paris of the Tuileries, Palais Egalite!"

The girl suddenly stood up among the ferns and stretched her arms toward the distant city.

"Paris! Paris!" she cried. "May the desert have me and hide me 'neath its shifting sands, if ever I turn against thee!"

It was a solemn Arabic oath she had sworn; but she had pronounced it only in French. Did anyone in hearing of her steadfastness assail her that she forebore to speak in the sacred language of Islam? But no one thought.

"Dramatics!" he taunted, smiling in spite of himself, for she was fairly glowing with warm sincerity of loyalty.

She stood quite still, for an instant, weighing his words with a contemptuous scorn. Then she raised her arms again toward Paris, and swore the oath in the language of Islam.

The man leaped to his feet, and then at the same instant, caught sight of me, startled, I must confess, to find me at a scene that did not concern me. I recovered myself and started to move away, but was stayed, but was screeched startled, to hear an ugly oath flung in my direction. I glanced back in time to encounter the malignant glare of his too-closely-set, steel-gray eyes.

A fog had come up out of the valley and soon I had passed down into its concealing mists. But all that night I was haunted by the girl and her form. When I awoke, her noble Arabic vow was still ringing in my ears. From my high attic window I looked out upon the sleeping city. The Place de la Concorde was bathed in golden light, the Eiffel Tower stretched itself up grandly out of a fleece of mist. In the distance the fair white church of the Montmartre gleamed wonderfully. Ah, Paris, Paris, I breathed, and I could understand the passionate sincerity of that girl's Arabic vow.

I do not know what led me that night into the little cabaret in the street of Gayety. Perhaps I merely dropped in because I was tired from another long tramp to the hills. I had an armful of the fern that I so loved, and I laid it on the table before me while I drank citron vermouth and listened to French cabaret jokes that I but half understood. Presently I felt to reading the signs that ornamented the sides of the tiny stage. From them I discovered that this was the regular Thursday night benefit given for wounded soldiers, and that all artists and amateurs were solicited to contribute their services. I was just thinking of what a lot of noble work the people of a country at war are moved to do when, out on the stage, stepped the girl of the fern-brake—she of the Arabic blood and the Parisience soul.

She was wonderfully garbed in a flowing white Greek costume. I have never seen whiter or more shapely limbs. I have never in my life seen more wonderful shoulders, a more wonderful neck—she was absolute grace from her toes up.

The music started a measured Greek chant, such as one can imagine being played for the Eleusinian Mysteries, and My Lady of the Ferns began to dance. The crowd went mad equally with myself. The musicians lost themselves absolutely in the beauty of the thing. I think one could have assassinated a man there in the hall and his nearest elbow neighbor would scarcely have noticed it. I found myself shouting with the wildest for an encore, and after that for another and another encore.

But after the third call the girl did not return. The lights in the music hall seemed to grow dim, the vermuth I was drinking tasted bitter, the music went off into a wild, weird noise, and I was ready to weep. Then, to our joy, the tiny stage was reset—a perfect little oasis scene, and in the middle of it was an Arab girl, standing by a well curb with a jar of water on her shoulder. At first I did not recognize My Lady of the Ferns, she was so thoroly transformed. Whereas she had been entirely Greek before, she was now entirely Arabian. Setting her water jar gracefully on the curb of the well, she came sinuously forward toward the front of the stage. And sang! I had thought of her entirely as a dancer, a thing of bodily grace and beauty, not as a chanteuse, but she had the voice of a nightingale. It would be difficult to render into English the stanzas of her song; but the chorus, which was a wailing, mad plea of a lonely Arab girl for her camel-driving lover to return to her can be rendered roughly as follows:

Ah-ee-Ghee, my noble Ah-ghee,
Soul of my soul and heart of me,
I shall wait for thee,
I shall long for thee
Till your camels come back to the well.

The second stanza recounted that Ahghee, the lover, had meanwhile been killed fighting somewhere in France, and so, as the song says, farrasz and fate ever more this Arab girl will linger by the well and sing her sad refrain, which grows falnter and farther away as the song goes on. The performance was beyond description touching and pathetic. For a moment after the girl finished, the crowd sat quite still, and then they broke into maddest applause that ever I heard. But My Lady of the Ferns only bowed and bowed again and again, and the crowd kept on and kept on cheering. And then I was moved to do what might seem like a silly thing. I went forward with my armful of ferns and laid it at her feet. I laid my heart at her feet at the same time. I was completely conquered.

As she stooped to take the ferns from me her wonderful brown eyes lighting up with a kind of pleased surprise, I said, not too loud, but distinctly: "I, too, love Paris, and may the desert have me and hide me neath its shifting sands if ever I turn against her!"

Then she recognized me and reached out and gave me her hand with a quick pressure, after that encounter I didn't know whether I was drinking citron vermuth or pale ale. And this wonderful girl came, after a moment, with a cloak thrown about her, over her Arab costume, and sat at my table beside me. I felt as sensitive as a poet to feminine charms; moreover, a bronze statue would have been moved by the charms of this girl. I talked to her rapidly.

"Madam," I said, "I heard all that was said between you and that man yesterday afternoon out by Versailles. I do not know what he wanted of you, but I can easily guess that it was something treasonous to France. I heard your oath, and I understand that an oath repeated in the Islamic tongue is absolutely sacred. So I have no fear that you will do his bidding."

"Never," she murmured.

"I wish I could help you," I returned impetuously. "I can put you where the fear of the boulevards need never enter your mind. I will put your little girl where she can grow up as gentle, as beautiful as yourself. I offer all that he has promised you and more; and I will give it to you freely—not as the price of treason, but because I love you—soul, body and all—I love you——"

My eager addresses were interrupted by the approach of a motor-cycle messenger, who handed her the tiny blue envelope they use for telegrams in Paris. She read it over and gave a cry. Then she went absolutely insane for a moment.

"Allons! Oosee!" she cried, speaking in mixed French and Arabic. "Come on! We go! Avez-vous un pistolet? Have you a pistol?"

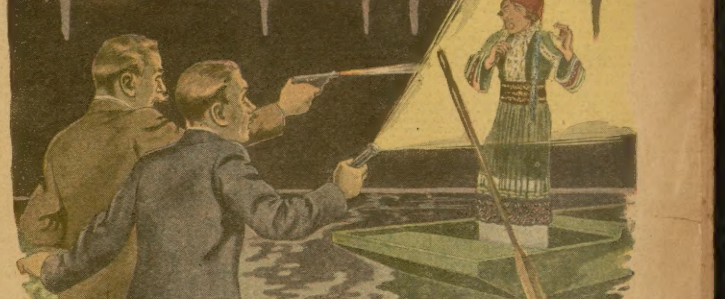
I assured her that I had, and I dashed out of the cabaret with her. Outside we hailed a taxicab she shouted a hurried address, which the driver had difficulty in understanding, and we were off at citizens' pace was all we could make with Arabic. We whirled down the street past the subway station Edgar Quinet and past the Gare Montparnasse, along the Boulevard Raspail, and then turned north thru the heart of the old Latin Quarter. The Pont Neuf and the Island floated by. After that I lost all count of distance and direction.

Several times I demanded to know what was her excitement and for what I was so suddenly going. But she talked continually to herself, she never uttered a word intelligible to me. Presently she began to sob and cry out, "O ma petite, ma pickaninny!"

At length I noted that the car in which we were driven at a reduced began to ease down. The instant that it neared the curb, Madame leaped out and I after her. We stood before a great grilled gateway. She rang a bell, which she found instantly, dark as it was, and a moment later the gate clicked open, permitting us to pass into an ornate courtyard. About it on every side rose the stone walls of an old French chateau. I followed her across the court and into the great hall, and thence up by a magnificent staircase, a grand dame came down the winding stairs, her way lighted dimly by the perfumed, huge white candle. The old dowager was preternaturally tall in the long sweep of a gold-embroidered velvet gown and a high lace night cap. Now the two of them held the most rapid powwow in French that ever I heard, understood only this much: That at first the grand dame was inclined to poo-poo and make light of the younger woman's troubles, but later she became as excited as My Lady and also began to weep and cry out, "Oh ma petite, ma pauvre petite!"

What untoward thing was this that had happened. I demanded to know; but I got only monosyllables in reply and these to no purpose. My Lady and I once more started off toward our taxi, but the grand dame interfered and I could see that she was putting her own car at the disposal of the Arabian girl. While we talked the chauffeur ran it in the porte-cochere. In a trice we were again on our way.

With ever increasing speed, as we began traversing the outer boulevards, sleeping buildings swam by us until I could no longer make out where we were at all. Then, again, I noticed that the car was slowing down. I made out an unobtrusive house, of no marked architectural outline, its doorway opening directly on a brick or cement walk, without any intervening porch. My Lady lost no time in reaching this door, the panels of which reverberated sharp-



A Pistol Shot Rang and Thundered in the Cavern, and I Saw the Oar Drop From the Girl's Hand.

KHAKI

Bill was never any ringer for Adonis,
He was easier to look at after dark,
And so useless in the schoolroom that he hung around a poolroom
And amassed a reputation as a shark.
But they picked him up and poured him into khaki,
And it gives the girls a jumpy little thrill
When they see him lead the column, marching mighty straight and solemn,
For the uniform has made a man of Bill.

You can pick 'em here and there around the village,
Camouflaged as local pests and corner bums,
But you'll find there's something to 'em when on dress parade you view 'em,
Marking time with earnest footwork to the drums.
All they needed was an int'rest in some business,
And a hunch that there was something they could do.
Line the loafingest rapscallions into squadrons and battalions
And don't worry any more, for they'll do them!

Percy's paks were rather prone to call him "Sissy,"
He was always on the side lines in a scrap,
He was a puny sort of girlie and his hair was soft and curly,
Just a weak and washy-washy little chap.
But he buckled up and butted into Plattsburg,
And he'll be among the first to go to France,
And the Hounses and Hermans and the other kinds of Germans
Will get theirs as soon as Percy gets his chance!

You can never tell the way they look beforehand.
But as soon as they are in the olive drab
You don't ever need to doubt 'em; there's a somethingness about 'em
That convinces you that what they want they'll grab.
Look at any squad that marches to the landing,
Take another look, and then, well, look again.
And you'll see they've changed their bearing with the uniform they're wearing,
For the khaki makes 'em able fighting men!

fore I had finished. The door still not open and I beat upon it with my pistol, demanding entrance. Then opened it, was, by an angry man, fully dressed. He bore a candle, the light of which played tricks with his face, so that for an instant I did not recognize him. Then I saw that it was the man of the fern-brake.

Disregarding his reproaches for our unseemly battering at his door, My Lady stepped into the room with him and I pushed in behind her, tho I felt, rather than saw, his look of menacing suspicion. My Lady spoke to him, for thought of me, assaulting him as she did with a veritable torrent of words. I could not grasp her speech, she spoke so rapidly, but I made out the constantly recurring question—where was her baby, what had he done with her baby.

The man looked ill at ease, and he shook his head and waved and beat his hands with a denying gesture as if to quiet her by his own silent responses. She fell on her knees at his feet in front of him and plead with him in a voice so piteous that I could not endure to listen to it. Hearing this only put me of a mind to kill the scoundrel where he stood. I kept suggesting to the girl, as I looked over the gendarme and the secret service men, and finally drew her attention long enough for her to tell me:

"No, no, he will slay him with them or they will murder my little one for revenge."

For a moment I put my pistol back in my pocket, I felt utterly helpless. I had butted into an affair that I was utterly unable to handle in its finish. I was boiling over with indignation and again I drew my gun, determined to try my hand.

"Listen," I said, in none too good French, while I knocked my automatic against the man's head, "tell that lady where her little girl is, and tell her tout de suite—mighty suddenly—or I'll put this thing go off."

Coolly disregarding me, the man suddenly began a rapid-fire argument with the girl. What he was saying to her I could not wholly understand, but I knew that he was urging her to treason.

My Lady ceased weeping and began to listen with reckless eagerness to all he said. He now spoke slowly and distinctly, as if to assure her of the sincerity of his purpose.

He said: "Madame Le Duchess, the man in whose clutches I find myself and whose unwilling tool I am, has your little girl in his keeping. If you will reveal to me the secret he has been asking for, he will deliver your child to you. Furthermore, I pledge you my word of honor that the revelation you make will be known to no one but myself."

The young duchess bowed her head over her little dear face for an instant and her lips moved—in what prayer I know not. Then she raised her tear-stained face and looked into those cold gray eyes, whose fat irises gave back no secrets.

"Are you telling me the truth?" The question was shot with anguished doubt.

Balembois stepped back to a door across the room and flung it open. Then drawing himself up he looked at her with stern dignity.

My Lady stared into that room as one who walked in her sleep. She moved toward it, stepped slightly as she passed him, and crossed its threshold. The next instant the so-called Balembois had stepped in behind her and I faced a door that had been slammed in my face.

A flat periscope is a very useful thing. I had concealed under my coat what the French would call a periscope plant, a small adjustable periscope. I had purchased it originally as a curiosity, but recently I had found it with me. Just as I had my pistol, for possible emergencies. Now I used it at the transom.

I saw this Balembois spread out a map on the table, still bending a cold, relentless look upon the fair-driven mother whose child he held in his power. My Lady was weeping. At some impatient exclamation from the part of her persecutor, she put down her finger on a certain point on this map.

I tried to photograph that map on my brain. I was almost sure it was a map of the region to the south and east of Versailles. The point My Lady marked was in what looked like a field or pasture skirted with woods, a railroad on one side of it and a wagon road making a V with the railroad, on the other.

The affair must have been very simple, after she put it; for the fellow threw back his head, then, becoming playful in his success, he made a move toward encircling My Lady with his arm. My Lady went white as paper. I barely had time to collapse my transom periscope as she suddenly turned and made for the door.

That afternoon, when I saw the young duchess at the chateau, where in their mutual anxiety about the child she had been received by the old duchess, I learned that My Lady's husband, Le Duc, had been slain, ere their honeymoon was well spent, in the now historic battle of the Marne, and that his mother, the grand dame of this chateau, had refused to recognize the marriage because My Lady was only a dancer—and a "heathen foreigner at that." Now, My Lady confided to me, all was coming out happily, and she expected to have her baby with her before sunset.

In vain I demanded to know what was the nature of the secret she had revealed to this scoundrel. All she would do was to assure me that it was not of vast importance and that at worst its revelation could only embarrass the French for a few hours or a day or two at most. I then demanded to know if she was going to accept all that the false Balembois had offered her that day under the guise of "a trade" as the price of her "sacrifice." She turned and looked at me with such a look of love and longing in her eyes as I have never seen, and her hand stole out toward mine. Then I understood that the offer of riches and power, which had included the beast as a part of the reward, was no longer a menace.

I lost my head for the moment and took the poor, crushed darling in my arms; and I vowed to her of love and longing broken French that whatever her treachery, whatever was the thing she had done, I would love her—love her and protect her always and always. She made no promise in return, but protested that she was not a fit person to be

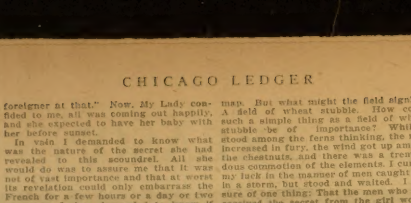
become my wife. She was suddenly very, very unhappy and left me. I left her, promising to return to her on the morrow when she would have her little girl with her and be happy.

I was no sooner out of her presence than my concern over what she had done demanded action. I did not intend to trust that traitor or spy, the she might. I hired a motorcycle and left Paris for Versailles. It was in the afternoon when it began to rain, a steady, dismal downpour. I rode thru the rain to the base of the hill and climbed the steep slope thru the wet foliage. My mind was now a turmoil of doubts and fears. In the sunshine one has faith: under cloud and in the rain, one doubts. It is a trick of that blind master, the human brain: nevertheless, it has fixed many a human destiny. I now doubted myself and everybody. I even doubted My Lady of the Ferns. But my doubts only strengthened my determination to defeat, if possible, my friend Balembois.

If he had lied, if her secret placed human lives in jeopardy, if his words went false, in what dire straits might not the woman be of whom I was already thinking as my wife, my bride! Traitor to France—that would be the charge against her, and her love for her child would not save her. Much as I pitied her in her terror for her child, I loved her for herself more. Then, save her I must.

But how? I believed I was near this field that she had pointed out on the map. But what might the field signify? A field of wheat stubble. How could such a simple thing as a field of wheat stubble be of importance? While I stood among the ferns thinking, the rain increased in fury, the wind got up among the chestnuts, and there was a tremendous commotion of the elements. I cursed my luck in the manner of men caught out in a storm, but stood and waited, I felt sure of one thing: That the man who had received the secret from the girl would test the validity of her information before they surrendered her child. I was here to get a look at those men—to get a look if possible at the Big Chief, the man whose organization was too secret and too deadly for the Parisian police.

But presently I heard a noise near me that attracted all my attention. It was not the noise of wind or rain, nor of human beings. It sounded like a rippling waterfall and it was directly under my feet. It is a little exciting to find oneself standing upon a waterfall unawares. I moved to one side, thinking that a cataract was coming to overwhelm me, and then I listened some more. The waterfall was underground. I searched among the ferns and young chestnuts, and after several minutes of being lost and after several minutes of being lost in the storm, I came upon what



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diameter, and the water pulsed from it in jets as the great pumps somewhere down in the valley forced it up there. And then after perhaps an hour I found two places where the heavy rains of the afternoon had flooded in from the field above and, raising the level of the lake, had fed the exhaust cataract which had first attracted my attention.

So this was what My Lady of the Ferns had pointed out to Balembois. A horrible possibility occurred to me. What could those fiends Balembois and his superiors, not do, knowing the situation of a reservoir of this sort? But amid my horrified conjectures, I also began to wonder how came this thing here, and of such ancient and artistic workmanship. Then I remembered the Palace of Versailles in the distance, and I remembered having read of a vast underground reservoir, fed by a viaduct of the Roman type, but covered over as a shelter from the sun, which brought the snow-made waters from the Isle d'Or in winter and early spring for cold drinking-water the ensuing summer. The construction had been a burden to the poor in the days of the Louis's, and in the days of the Revolution the people, in their hatred of tyranny, had been completely destroyed and afterward forgotten. Then came the war of '14, during which the municipality had taken over the reservoir, doubtless, and turned it to useful purposes.

But how had My Lady of the Ferns known about its existence? Well, she had, that was plain, and the villains knew that she knew. Another matter was plain. This villain Balembois was resting on the ferny hillside that day, pretending to make love to My Lady, while he sought in reality the location of the underground lake.

I sat down on a stone to think it all out. I did not wish to cause the woman I loved to lose her baby, but on the other hand there was what horrible alternatives I could only conjecture. Before I could reason out any safe course of action, I was aroused by the voices of two men, speaking German. They were near me and one of those voices I recognized. It was the imperious, rough voice of Balembois. I do not know all that they were saying for my knowledge of German, like my knowledge of French, was only such as might be picked up by frequent sojourning in Paris and Berlin. But they were speaking rapidly and a little sharply, as if they might be in disagreement.

"I tell you," said the Balembois, "the man is crazy. He could not—he could not—it was an utter impossible hoax. That woman would go insane and for all we know she may have put the gendarmerie or the military on our tracks already."

"And I tell you that it was our only hold on her. If we had taken her more word and returned the child at once, we might just as well have found ourselves fooled. There's no trusting a woman. Anyway, a few minutes now and the work is done—then let 'em come. It's no time to be arguing about possibilities. Let's work."

I heard then a thud, as of a heavy object being dumped down on the stone pavement and then a scraping noise. Suddenly there was a cry from across the black cavern:

"Edouard! Edouard Balembois!" It was My Lady of the Ferns crying to him out of the darkness.

Instantly a pencil of light shot across the black mirror of the lake and illumined the girl in the engulfing darkness. She was standing up in a boat, the dripping oar with which she had been rowing in her hands, and she was white, white, like a carven image in some old French cathedral. While I gazed in startled wonder, a pistol shot rang and thundered in the cavern, and I saw the oar fall from the girl's hands.

It was my move, and I moved instinctively. With my electric torch in my left hand I threw the beam of that brilliant light, and with my right I fired at the heart of the man who held the pistol in his hand. I was about to fire a second shot. I remember that he looked not unlike a big, overfattened dog and that he grunted like one. But my cartridge exploded. My second shot was for the so-called Balembois, who was standing over the woman he had pretended to love, and I fired at his heart. One might as well try to fight a war, and I fired and slit him on the spot. The instant I fired the second shot his light was cut off and mine also for reasons I never understood. Then in the pitchy darkness some one fired three deliberate shots in my direction, and after that I heard a sound of flying footsteps, the groans of a wounded man, and the voice of the girl crying to me from out of the darkness.

"Qui est la? Qui est la? Are you a friend of France?"

I made an unaccountably my light came on again and I played it on the beast of a Boche, who had tried to shoot a woman, and on the girl herself, who had not had held the light for him, while the woman rowed toward us and kept telling me in French to shoot either one that made a move.

We went cautiously forward to where Balembois and the Big Chief lay on the flagging that surrounded the lake. Balembois was rendered helpless by a wound in the shoulder, but the girl and I, taking no chances, hastily tied his hands behind him. The other man needed no tying; he was in a profound

Her Teeth Still Buried in His Throat. Like the Teeth of a Tiger in the Neck of a Deer.

soma, from which from all indications he was suffering acutely. My Lady then knelt beside Balembois, greatly agitated.

"Where is my child? Where is my baby girl?" the stricken woman demanded.

The Balembois cursed her and then he fainted from the pain of his wound.

The shock shook him frantically, while I looked about hastily, to discover what had brought these scoundrels here. The cause was soon apparent. There, stacked against the wall of the cave, were a dozen boxes, each as large as a man could carry. I broke one open. It contained cyanide of potassium. The girl gave a cry of horror as I made the announcement to her. We broke open a second and a third—the same deadly chemical. A fourth revealed the same thing.

While we were considering what to do with the deadly stuff, there was a sudden rush from the darkness behind us. And a dark figure tackled me about the knees, as one tackles footy in football. I came to a sitting posture, while my right hand sought my automatic. It snapped twice in the man's ribs. I had forgotten to reload it. I dropped it and groped with both hands for his throat. Meanwhile, in the spotlight of my electric torch, which the girl had dropped between two of the poison boxes, I saw another man snatch at an open box to heave it into the lake. I saw the girl close with him like a tiger; saw then surge back and forth once or twice thru the beam of light. His face came close to hers—horrible, menacing, the face of a Boche bent on immediate murder, here with a girl of the ultimate horror upon it. Then suddenly her head snapped forward and I saw her plant her white teeth directly over his windpipe. His head was thrown up at the time, and she must have gotten a good purchase. All this I saw in flashes while I was busily occupied with my antagonist. I found the knot at his throat. My hands found only arms with strong muscles, or shoulders, or a chest. And in the tussle he caught me two lotsing blows to the jaw; but they were blindly placed and at short punch, and I was only shaken, not jarred loose.

Meanwhile some one kicked one of the poison boxes and the electric torch fell to the flagging and snapped out, leaving the two pairs of antagonists and the two wounded men in utter blackness. Total darkness is better than semi-darkness. I felt as if there were eyes in the ends of my fingers. I knew in the hurry and scurry of the fight, every part of the man's body that I got my hands upon. But I could get no hold, and I was decidedly getting the worst of the struggle. Meanwhile a horrible fear froze my heart, lest My Lady of the Ferns were being killed in that other struggle.

And meanwhile I heard some one kicking a box. Could it be that the villain who fought with the girl was also kicking one of those poison boxes into the lake? At the time I heard the noise I was subdued by the scoundrel who fought me, and he was gradually working his knee toward the pit of my stomach.

I was desperate. I wrenched my right hand free and searched the flagging for something with which to brain the man. My hand fell upon an open case of that crystalline death, cyanide of potassium. I caught my hand full of it, and judging with superhuman accuracy brought it down over his wide-open, panting mouth. He at once released me and leaped free of me and went sputtering and heaving into the darkness, and I staggered to a standing posture and cried to My Lady of the Ferns that I was coming to her.

"The flashlight! The flashlight!"

But I knew better way. I groped for another handful of that deadly stuff, and finding the girl's antagonist by his wheezing breath, I felt between the two heads and rubbed that handful of poison into his mouth. I knew without seeing that he had relaxed his hold on the girl and sought only to come free, and I cried to the girl to let him go. But she refused. I did not wish her to commit manslaughter in this horrible fashion, and I tried to drag her free. Then I found the electric and flashed it on them; her head was still buried over his neck, her teeth still buried in his throat, like the teeth of a tiger in the neck of a deer.

When I could point out to her what I had done to the man, she immediately released him, tried to get to her feet, and fainted dead away in my arms. I held her only for a moment and then let her slide gently to the flagstones. For the light showed one of the poison boxes just balancing on the brink of the lake, where that villain had kicked it while struggling with me. I got it secured it, and then reloaded my fallen weapon. The two scoundrels were still heaving at the point of death, from the poison they had got.

I turned my attention to the girl. But she had already regained consciousness and was sitting up looking around.

"Are they done for," she cried, hoarsely.

"Done for," I answered. "All except Balembois here, and he is so badly shot up he won't last long. He seems to have opened his eyes again."

"Where is my baby?" she plead, kneeling at his side as before.

"You promised her to me at once. I waited hours and she had not come. Miserable creature that you are, speak now. Where have you put her?" She fell to shaking his inert shoulders in her fear. The pain she caused him was unbearable. His face was twisted with agony and wrath.

"Hands off, you——" he cursed in French. "It's a hell of a mess you've got us into, d—n you. The pity of it is we promised your blasted infant to you too soon. We should have waited until our work was fully done. Now for God's sake let go of my shoulders and go home to your——" he moaned and his voice trailed off in a weak, German malediction. He had fainted again.

An uncertain joy flashed into her face, as the import of his words dawned upon her. She gathered up her trailing white draperies and ran back to her boat.

"I think he is telling the truth. My baby is safe at home! At any rate, I shall not fear now to summon the police."

She glided away into the cavernous outlet from the underground lake.

I shouted after her: "Warn the military while you are about it."

Her faint "I will" floated back to me and then I was left alone with the Boches. And I found them to be and their faces were the most sinister things I have ever seen. I felt no pity for them, only a great horror.

An hour passed. The glistening crystals of the spilled cyanide were beautiful, but what a fearful innocence was theirs! The dripping of the seeping rain on the white drifts of poison filled me with anxiety. Was Nature herself in league with these blood-glutted giants from below who had been out for conquest of the world? I watched a murky, milky rivulet of moisture creep toward the edge of the black pool. I wondered whether the Greek-Arab Duchess, that frail vehicle of treason, was not now hopelessly over her head, child, forgetful of me and the dangers I had encountered for her sake. Funny! that I, an American, should now be guarding the lives of the armies of France. The awful folly of those of Balembois brought me to with a start. I whipped up my revolver and covered him. Then my heart sank like lead.

A cheer and a halloo broke in ringing echoes on the silence of the vaulted lake, and the flash of a dozen lights flashed into every grotto and crevasse of the cavern. It was the French soldiers and the gendarmes. They lost no time in removing the boxes of poison and the bodies of the dead Germans. Balembois was holding his own exceedingly well. I thought he would have been dead ere their arrival, but they had proclaimed him a prisoner. I accompanied the procession, recounting as best I could in my scanty French my own part in the plot, avoiding, however, all reference to My Lady of the Ferns.

Once in the sunny outdoors (the rain had cleared away), my faith and joy in that fair creature returned and I made haste to find her. It was at the home of the grand dame that I found her. All bedraggled and weeping hysterically, she was holding on her lap a perfect fairy of a little girl, who repeatedly kissed her cheeks and called her her "pauvre petite maman." It was with difficulty that the grand dame and I, each in a different way, managed at last to soothe her; and then she slept.

When she awoke it was night and a beautiful night it was. In the flooding glories of a full moon she and I strolled in the gardens of the old chateau. There was one thing I wished to ask her; a question that had worried me from the beginning of the whole affair.

"My Lady of the Ferns," I demanded, "will you tell me how you happened to know of the whereabouts of that subterranean lake?"

"It is simple enough," she replied. "My husband was an engineer and his forearents were engineers before him. It was he who first suggested the old lake as a military water supply. It was quite a feather in his cap. That was why after his death these villains got hold of me and used every means to force me to reveal what I knew of it. I had visited it with my husband, you see, during the first days of our honeymoon."

I had one more question and I approached it with fear and trembling.

"I have given you a child, Paris to you. I have saved you from a broken vow—— This I have done because I loved you. Will you give me yourself? I ask you, dear beautiful Lady of the Ferns, to marry me."

With a gesture of inexpressible loveliness, she answered me in the sacred tongue of Islam: "May the desert have me and hide my heath its shifting sands if ever I turn against thee."

What War Is Doing

"SEEMS to me," said the father of the pretty girl, as he looked up from the evening newspaper, "that this house seems terribly quiet lately. Haven't you any friends around here you can entertain with? There ought to be a half-circle of young fellows around the piano singing Annie Rooney like they used to, up a bit! What's become of 'em?"

"My dear papa," said the pretty girl disgustedly. "Don't you know there's a war taking place? There aren't any men around."

"Jehoshaphat!" said her father blankly. "I never thought of that! Say! That's kind of tough, isn't it? Gosh, it's!"

The pretty girl waved her hands still more disgustedly. "Why," she said, "I'd be tongue-tied if a real man ever came around here. Even the effeminate little middle-aged friends might do to keep me in practice—except that when they see me they shoot up over the top of war boards and what is the country coming to that I don't like to distort them. Why, there isn't one left who will drop his cigar long enough to listen to my girlish chatter—and what's the use of death if he isn't afraid I might think his intentions were serious?"

"Hm!" said her father, blinking a little. "Where did you get all this dope about my so-called middle-aged friends? Why, I'm only in the early forties of 38 and the girls used to run a mile just to see him pass by! Being six years older than you, I'll admit, in the old days, I could observe Evans' popularity without the gnawing pangs of jealousy. Why the change?"

"H'm!" commented the pretty girl. "I'll bet he didn't have that cunning little bald spot then, and I'll bet he had hair in those days! And I never saw a man so fussy over his food! I thought he was going to call for the surveyor's outfit the other night when he was served his portion of steak! He squared off and turned that piece around and then he salted the northeast section and peppered the southwest section and then he cut it that way, as tho he was going to call it a day or quit. And mother always has to have his special bread when he's coming, and he's afraid of drafts! If he was inclosed in a vacuum tube and somebody shouted to him that he was in a draft, he'd sneeze his head off! I just can't stand a fussy man, especially when he's always catching cold!"

"Well, I must say!" cried the father, a trifle heatedly. "I make boasts out a very fair old lady, and let me tell you, miss, that the girl that gets him gets something! He's well off and of good family and a very fascinating man! Just because a young snip like you with no sense can't appreciate him is no sign—— Humph! What's the use of talking! You'd rather have one of these ragtime kids banging around! Maybe the Army training will pound some sense into 'em! And I'd like to know what you've got against Joe Emerson? He's certainly lively enough and he doesn't know there's a draft on earth and he's a good buttonhole sensation!"

"Oh! my goodness!" cried the pretty girl. "Joe Emerson! Tum so well acquainted his back teeth after years of viewing his pearly dentistry! Joe Emerson! He's the kind of lost interest! He's such a village cutup! Some day he's going to work off a loose joke on me that'll make me feel just the way I do about his back teeth—and I'll sort of pull on you!"

"And once I get a whiff of white rose perfume! I wonder why he didn't buy himself a bottle? He does so much that wears that heavy gold watch chain across his tummy and nobody on earth wears that kind of chain but a fat man! Joe Emerson! Tum so well acquainted with

THE KIDNAPED FEUDISTS

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SHIP MYSTERY.

WHEN Captain King, Jewel and Isaac Skarlott came down the companion way and entered the cabin, Magnet was standing at the further end of the room in conversation with Zachariah Cragge. She faced the newcomers squarely and as Mr. Cragge necessarily followed her example, the moment of suspense was at hand.

Would the men of the feud keep the peace or, maddened at sight of each other, proceed to bloodshed?

The answer was not in words, but Zachariah and Isaac gave it in another way. Each looked in one quarter only, and each spoke deliberately.

"Good morning, Miss Jewel," said Zachariah.

"Good morning, Miss Magnet," said Isaac.

Their words were almost simultaneous, and their faces and voices were like bland and kindly, but they lived each other completely by the word or look—not even by the tremor of an eyelash—did they betray that they knew of a living presence.

The captain and his sisters were quick to understand. As if by actual agreement the feudists were going to act as tho neither knew that the other existed. Too wise to interfere with this plan, the Kings completely suppressed the strange meeting. Neither by an introduction—which would have been ridiculous—or by a long speech did they try to bridge this peculiar chasm. All understood that they must let the feudists carry out their idea without comment or interference.

Less than a minute had passed when a stateroom door opened and a middle-aged lady appeared. It was Miss Ruhamah King, aunt of the captain, and, at night and in the privacy of the King dignity. In some ways she was like her younger relatives, but the Hebridean flowed more slowly in her veins, one would think. Tall, prim and dignified without being austere, her appearance mutely called for the profound respect due to the King family of the Cumberlands. Sometimes, too, her tongue sounded the call.

Now, indeed, Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott waved polite and gave forth homage audibly. Each bowed thrice, as if she were of royal blood, she was to feel that [illegible] dis-

[illegible] Miss Ruhamah should be seated at the table before any one else attended to the matter with ceremony. When it was done, the other persons took their places. Zachariah and Isaac had chairs at different sides of the board, where nothing but a firearm would enable them to reach each other quickly.

All that was said at the breakfast related to the people and things of the Cumberlands. The captain had seen the old home places only at long intervals, and Magnet and Jewel had been away a greater part of the last eight years, but Miss Ruhamah's absences had been few and Zachariah and Isaac had never before lost sight of the mountains.

In a way the talk was trivial, but not wholly so. The feudists, of necessity, supplied most of the news, and they did it without looking at each other. More than that, neither ever spoke directly after the other, so that the process of ignoring went on bravely. Both, however, were as one in making the ladies a prominent feature. "May I ask, ma'am," said Isaac presently, addressing Miss Ruhamah King, "if you have been at sea before?"

"Never before," she answered. "I am here merely to please my nephew, Captain King. No doubt I shall enjoy the voyage, but, in some ways, I regretted leaving the United States. You have perhaps heard that Mr. Randolph of Virginia soon weds my cousin's daughter, Miss Alethea Jefferson King of Spurrtop?"

"I must admit that I didn't hear it, ma'am."

"It is a notable social event, an epic, so to speak, of high society. When the two rising people set forth to enter the embowered door of wedded life, fashion will kneel at fashion's feet. Positively, you do not care for the golden paths of select society."

"Well, ma'am, I'm afraid I've never mixed in with that crowd," Isaac admitted, moving uneasily.

"I have been so situated, all my life, that society and fashion have been my daily interests," Miss King went on. "I was born to such interests, sir. You are doubtless aware that the King family is related by a long series of marriages to the Randolphs, Madisons, Jeffersons and Monroes of the Old Dominion. These repeated marriages have made the Kings as much a part of the first families of Virginia as any persons who reside in that State. We dwell in Tennessee, but our kinsmen are nearly all in the sister state."

Events in the Story Up to Now

ZACHARIAH CRAGGE and Isaac Skarlott are the respective leaders in a family feud in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Captain John King of the ship Lady-for-Me, is a boyhood friend of both men. He takes it into his head to end the feud by kidnaping the principals and holding them on board his ship at sea until they shake hands. He has called on his two sisters, Magnet and Jewel, to assist him, under the chaperonage of their high-bred aunt, Miss Ruhamah King, in making peace between the mountaineers—a task they have entered upon with considerable zest, being well along toward their thirtieth years. On the first night out the second mate is struck a terrific blow under the chin by a human fist. He is unable to find any clew to the identity of his assailant except that a tall, slender man has been seen once during the night, prowling about in ghost-like fashion. The only tall, slender person known to be on board the ship is Miss Ruhamah King.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 16, dated April 15.

"I see, ma'am," admitted Mr. Skarlott, sighing.

"It is peculiar," the lady serenely proceeded, "that, altho we live neighbors to worthy Tennesseeans, we are not related by blood. Our kinship with Virginia leads us into the flowery fields of high society. Pardon my mention of King family matters. Let us leave that subject."

The subject was dropped, and conversation grew more lively and diversified, and always pleasant.

Captain King was satisfied with events up to this time. It was a great triumph that he had brought the bitter foes together without any outburst on their part, while the fact that they had actually broken bread at the same table was, according to his belief, a matter no less than astounding.

Yet, he was far from being sanguine as to the final results. Himself Cumberland bred, and himself a masterful, stubborn, determined man, he realized that it would be a huge task to make the feudists relinquish their hostility. Family graves in Tennessee lay between the men and the peace desired by the Captain.

Shortly after breakfast something occurred to give the mariner other subject for thought. Mate Kenyon accosted him and told how he had been knocked down at his post in the middle watch.

"Knocked down!" exclaimed the captain. "Where knocked down, when on the deck of my ship?—my ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Outrageous!"

"Naturally, I believed I ought to tell you," Oliver added.

"Most certainly. Leaving the vileness of the thing out of consideration—it was unspeakably vile to assault an officer of my ship—it is quite as mysterious as you say, Caleb Small, the sailor then at the wheel, is sailing his first voyage with me, but he impresses me as a faithful man. You say he is sure the assailant was not one of the crew?"

"So he said."

"And the man wore citizen's clothes that looked to be neat garments?"

"So Caleb said, sir."

"Strange! No man of the crew dresses that way, and we have nobody aft that is tall and slender. You are a stocky young man; Mate Hunt is short and pudgy, while Cragge, Skarlott and myself are yard-wide across the shoulders. Rollo, our steward, and Cook Seth are also built otherwise, the first being a slip of a chap, like a girl, and the cook a fat lump. You were knocked down by a tall, slender man, were you?"

"I certainly was knocked down, and Caleb says he saw a tall, slender man near at hand just before the knocking down."

"We have [illegible] man of that build in the [illegible] there is a stowaway."

"Would he come on deck and hammer an officer that way?" King asked.

"It does seem unlikely," Oliver admitted.

"Decidedly so. The one ambition of a stowaway is to hide successfully until the end of the voyage, and in the meantime, get enough to eat. If we had such a chap in our ship he might be seen stealing food, but prowling around deck and hitting the officer of the watch—no, sir, no! Such folly would simply invite discovery."

"I've considered that, sir, but if we declare he was not a stowaway, what are we to call him? Ghosts are out of date. The man was solid flesh and blood—I can swear to that, for his fist was hard when he knocked me flat. You can see the abrasion under my chin now. He got in a lusty lick."

"No doubt of that," the Captain agreed. "I accept your statement as absolutely correct. Caleb probably spoke as truthfully as he knew, but he must have slipped a cog. The man he saw may not have been the one that hit you."

"But——"

"But, Mr. Kenyon, I've no doubt he was that one man. The sailor must have been in error as to the build of the rascal."

"Still, sir, we gain nothing by thinking that, for how can we possibly place him aft? We've got to believe there is a stowaway."

"So we have, now I think it over more. Fetch Caleb here and let me talk with him."

Kenyon brought the sailor and King questioned him at great length, but nothing came of it. Facing his Captain and meeting the prying gaze with eyes that seemed honest, Caleb stuck to his simple story without adding to it. When he had risen sent away, King again addressed the mate.

"Sir, as many sailors as you need, and the best you have in your watch, and search for a stowaway. Find him if you can, and if you find out the old hooker! I won't have a stowaway in any ship of mine. No, sir, no!" and his teeth set with a snap.

The search was made, but without any discovery. The ship, bound for Melbourne, carried a varied cargo, but no one that did not supply good hiding-places for anybody. It was difficult to understand there was a stowaway, and by himself away, for it would be [illegible] find a hiding-place in the steel [illegible] steamer's steeved cargo.

Captain King heard the final report, made natural comments and then also missed the mate, but as the minutes wore on he grew skeptical.

"I've got to look sharper at that Kenyon," he thought. "I have nothing but his word for it that he was knocked down, and in spite of the brute under his chin, it looks dubious. We have no tall, slender man aft, and even the mate can't produce a stowaway. Flshy yarn! Still, why should he lie to me? Nothing to be gained by doing it, so he may be truthful enough. If he was a fellow that looked to be dissipated, I should reckon that he had delirium tremens and saw imaginary things. Anyhow, he may from some cause be mentally afflicted."

His wandering gaze presently came to a rest as he saw Kenyon standing by the taffrail, at once a thoughtful and alert, healthy of body and mind, clear-eyed and honest-faced. He looked like the last man in the world to be upset of brain.

"Queer, mighty queer!" muttered the skipper. "A tall, slender man, eh? Who in thunder was he? Yes, and where is he now?"

He dropped the subject out of consideration as Miss Jewel and Isaac Skarlott came on deck. They looked around them, saw Magnet and Zachariah Cragge sitting at the larboard side and then went to the starboard bulwark.

The Captain smiled in brief amusement.

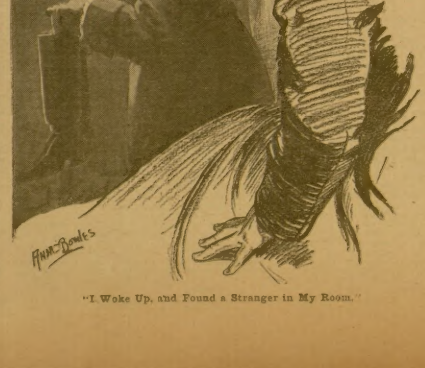
"Shun each other as if a plague was afoot," he muttered. "That's all right for now, but those girls have got to play their cards better and keep the feud-worshipers right together."

As, unconsciously, he juggled several coins in his hand, one of them spun loose, dropped to the deck planks and rolled toward Kenyon. The Captain had a new idea and called to the mate, who came promptly.

"Say, that tall, slender fellow didn't reb you, did he?" King asked.

"No, sir, did he try me? I'm sure of that, for I was in full possession of my senses all the while," Oliver answered.

"Humph! Another bad guess. Well, Mr. Kenyon, don't mention the case to anybody. Keep it dark! Of course Caleb knows something, and the search of the ship will be a big idea-breeder, but we will not enlarge on what others know. Mum, my dear sir. Be mute! Meanwhile, keep your eyes open."



"I Woke Up, and Found a Stranger in My Room."

CHAPTER V.

THE SUSPICIOUS SCHOONER.

FOR two days the Lady-for-Me held her way, eating up the knots that lay to the southeast. If she had her course long enough, adding many leagues to the

slight beginning and persevering for weeks, her work would be done and the harbor of Melbourne would lie at her forefoot. The long journey would have tried an inferior vessel, but the Lady-for-Me was staunch of hull and rigging and nimble of heel. Given conditions not impossible, she bade fair to make a noteworthy voyage to the Australian port.

Thus far the Cragge-Skarloff feud had been sleeping. Both of the mountaineers kept the peace. True, they never addressed a word to each other, nor could anybody say positively that they had looked at each other, but as there had been no quarrelling, the man who had trapped the feud was greatly encouraged. The third morning out of Charleston, however, his spirits were vexed by something else.

Zachariah Cragge came to him in the middle of the forenoon, his manner apologetic.

"John," he said, hesitatingly, "if I may speak about one thing, I will do it. Of course, it isn't to complain, for I can't do that when I'm getting board and lodging from you free, but it's odd and a bit annoying."

"What's annoying, Zachariah?" the Captain asked.

"Well, you see, I woke up, some time last night, and found a strange man in my room. Leastways, I didn't recognize him, and I reckon I'd never seen him before. He was dressed all in black, and wore a mask of the same color. He had a candle, or some other sort of light, but it was shielded by some object attached to it so that the light was a long, slender band like a sword. Seems he had been searching my room, for just after I woke up, and before I could get my wits to working, he picked up my boots and walked out of the room."

"He did what?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Took my boots away."

"What in blazes did he want of your boots?"

"Just what I want to know," Zachariah replied. "Naturally, I didn't wish to risk violating ship etiquette, so I lay still and said nothing. In less than five minutes back he came, set them boots down again where he had found them, and then he went away. That's all. I didn't see nor hear him afterwards."

"Took your boots!" again repeated Captain King, astonished.

"Yes. Now, I don't want to violate ship etiquette, so I've just said, but my latest idea is hat it can't be real polite here to take boots like that. So I've ventured a protest."

"Polite! It's villainous. Etiquette be damned! You should have punched his head for him."

"That's my latest idea, but all I actually did was to lean my chair against the door so he could not come back so easy."

"Why didn't you lock the door?"

"Well, John, you know that door locks are not used in the Cumberland Mountains. I've not got even one in my cabin there, inside or out. Still, I've heard of such contraptions, of course, and I finally studied out what that odd thing was on my door in this ship. After this I'll look for 'em."

"Was anything injurious done to your boots?"

"Not a thing."

"It's odd!" muttered the Captain, pulling hard at his beard. "Yes, it's infernal odd!"

Unknown to Mr. Cragge, the skipper's judgment was colored by the further fact that, in his own cabin, private papers had been disarranged by somebody or something. Now, he put the two annoyances together and was led to wonder to a worrisome degree.

"Our steward, Rollo, came to us well recommended," added Zachariah slowly. "Yet, it might be Rollo, and he's about the only person liable to meddle in the cabin section——"

"No!" interrupted Mr. Cragge. "It wasn't your waiter boy. He's a mere wisp in size. The intruder was as slim as Rollo, but taller. That was his build—tall and slender."

"You don't say!"

"Yes!"

The Captain indulged in mathematics, adding this latest vexation to the fact that Mate Kenyon claimed he had been knocked down by a tall, slender man. The mysterious unknown began to assume more exasperating and far-reaching attributes.

"The only person like him in the ship that is known to me," Zachariah added, "is Mate Ruhamah King. He's tall and slender. Of course, tho, it was not Miss King."

"Certainly not," the Captain agreed. "The masked man was just about as tall as she is," the mountaineer went on, thoughtfully. "Now, I need not think about that, tho. As for the man, I don't know who he is."

"Neither do I," said King irritably.

Five minutes later, having left Mr. Cragge, he went to his own stateroom and subjected his documents to a more critical survey. Knowing the besetting passion of womankind to do what they called "setting things right," he had, on finding that his property had been disturbed, suspected that some of the ladies of his family had meddled innocently. Now, additional examination turned suspicion away from them.

"Captain," He Said, "I Beg Your Pardon."

"Some things left almost wholly alone, and others turned upside down," he muttered. "Whoever meddled didn't care a fig for the valuable papers relating to the ship and cargo, but was perniciously concerned about my personal letters. Now, I wonder why?"

He began to rearrange things mechanically.

"Yes, and who did it? Who is this tall, slender man who is setting snares to trap my peace of mind? More important yet, where does the scoundrel keep himself?"

While this question was still active Silas Hunt, the first mate, appeared in the cabin. He was stumpy of build and dull of face, a man not calculated to attract and hold admiring attention. More than once it had been said of him that he was stupid, but King had found him a competent officer, and had kept him along on several past voyages.

"Sir," said the mate, "there is a schooner on our starboard quarter, signaling. She is back there reaching Kenyon, of course, has the watch, but I was coming this way. You see, sir, he says you told him to crack on and not stop for anything earthly or unearthly. I thought maybe you were joking——"

"I wasn't joking!" snapped the Captain, "and I won't back my topsail, nor even shift my helm a point to accommodate ship, shark or sinner."

He said it with vigor, but, as a matter of fact, nothing but temper lay back of it. His order to Kenyon and his latest remark were both due to irritation caused by the unpleasant events in his ship. Being upset, his speech was a trifle intemperate.

"Shall I report accordingly to Kenyon?" the mate asked.

"I'll tell him myself, if he heeds mere light. I'm going on deck, so you need not bother. Stow the idea in your brain, Mr. Hunt, that we will not come to even for a water-logged hulk with starving men on it."

Silas blinked rapidly but maintained a stoid face. He knew his Captain was far from being an unfeeling man, but it was right that he should have his word when vexed.

King walked deliberately up the companion, and then turned to look at the reported vessel. He noticed that the Captain was in ill humor, so he waited for the other man to take the lead.

"A good-sized lump of a schooner!" commented the Captain indifferently. "Holding a course nor'-nor'-east, and cutting capers in the water. A spry lade! How long has he had that signal flying?"

"Possibly three minutes, sir. He's calling for you to come to."

"Can't I see that? Have you made any answer?"

"No, sir. I waited for your word."

"My word is the same as before. Crack on! If that fellow wants anything, let him get it elsewhere. He's not in distress. If he has run short of water or food, let him lay a course for the nearest island and get what's needed. Our own voyage is too long for us to lose time backing our topsail for a ship in good trim."

Pausing for a moment, the skipper energetically added:

"Beard of Neptune! but isn't he a neat craft! Built like a dagger for sharpness. Just enough beam to keep him right side up. Bows a mere wedge! Well masted aloft. Rigging neat as an apple pie. Sails far from new, but still white. No shoddy in that canvas. Man alive, that pert schooner could sail like a flash of lightning, if pushed to it!"

The Captain's irritation was largely giving place to admiration as he noted the neat lines and billying sails of the schooner, for he was, first of all, a sailor, and a beautiful and fleet craft of the sea stirred his feelings powerfully.

"He keeps his signal up, sir, and seems bound to bring us to," remarked Mate Hunt.

"Does he?" exclaimed King, angry again. "Well, he won't do it. I won't lose a fathom of way for him if he yells murder from his rigging. Keep her as she is, and let him chase us if he wants to."

Saying this the Captain shifted his gaze from the stranger to his own loved ship, and as he saw the rush of the Lady-for-Me under the send of the wind that belied the sails handsomely, his scowl gave place to a grim smile.

"We'll drop her astern like a rocket," he added. "Nothing afloat can tickle the heels of the Lady-for-Me!"

When first seen the course of the two vessels was such that, if held steadily, they would almost meet at a mathematical point. Presently, however, while the ship held her southeast direction, the schooner shifted her helm so that her original north-northeast way was changed almost to due east.

In other words, she was deliberately chasing the Lady-for-Me.

Captain King paced his deck, sending angry looks at the stranger, but no longer boasting of his ability to walk away from the schooner. Fast as the ship was, the sharp-nosed fellow off their starboard beam was proving that he could meet their lead, fathom for fathom.

Kenyon, standing by the taffrail, had been looking at the schooner for some time with a sea glass when the Captain came to his side.

"You seem a good deal interested," said King. "Why is it?"

"Well, sir, the day of pirates is, I think, gone by, but frankly, I wanted to make sure that yonder chap was not a freebooter."

"Meaning that you have been trying to see if he carries big guns."

"That's it, sir."

"I'll be candid enough to admit that I've done the same, but I can make out no portholes, and I think there is no gun. Still, a bit of canvas hung over such portholes would make them invisible to us at this distance."

"I incline to the belief that there is nothing of the sort amidships, sir, but I'm not so sure as to the bows. I'm half inclined to believe that I see a bow-chaser."

"Hardly! The stranger is not a ship of war, and pirates are few and far between nowadays. Anyhow, I see no gun."

"There is an odd clutter in his bows that I don't understand."

"Some sort of raffle there, I agree, but nothing worth second thought. I call that schooner a jumping sea beauty in the hands of rapid men. Why do they chase us when they've seen that we won't come to? Want to speak to us, do they? So their signals say. Well they will be a million years older before I'll stop to chin with a ship that flies no distress call. To the mischief with them!"

Captain and mate were talking earnestly, and their attention had been drawn from the schooner. Now they were startled by the boom of a big gun and a cannon ball passed athwart their bows, falling heavily into the water, some fathoms away. It was the time-famous, deadly challenge of the sea that carried the hostile command—"Stop!"

CHAPTER VI

TREACHERY.

IN A MOMENT the languid peace of the Lady-for-Me was changed into something approaching consternation. Practically everybody aboard knew what the shot meant that had disturbed their easy composure. In the custom of the sea it was an order to halt, and that same custom decreed that if the order was not obeyed, the next shot would be sent at the ship, herself.

An odd exclamation passed Captain King's lips, and then he stood staring blankly at the schooner. The situation had changed materially, and he was no longer indifferent.

"We are within easy range," commented Mate Hunt, uneasily.

"The shot may be a bluff," suggested Kenyon, the without the manner of one who entertained belief.

"Humph!" growled Hunt. "You know the law of the sea. The first gun means, stop. If it isn't done, the next shot will hull us or riddle our rigging."

Captain King tried to speak, but stuttered so painfully that his words were a mere jumble. Then indecision and dismay disappeared from his face and manner and he flushed with anger. Surprised and startled, he had his moment of weakness, but the masterful nature that was his came to the front.

"Mr. Kenyon, bring the ship to," he directed, with cold composure.

"Do you really think, sir, she would dare to hit us with a shot?" he added Hunt.

"I am not guessing as to that. The scoundrel has had the audacity to fire as you have seen. This is a time of peace, so the act can have no war meaning. We can consider it no more than stupidity, and the pilot will pay for that stupidity. We are bound away from the United States on a long voyage, but there will be many chances to hail ships and send a report home to our Government. No matter what flag that beast sails under, he shall pay dear for this. Back your topsails, sir!"

The order was given, and Kenyon carried it out. The Lady-for-Me, promptly handled, lost way and presently lay riding on the light sea, waiting for more information from the schooner. That nimble craft came on as before until the distance had been reduced to a short hailing, and then came to and lay at ease.

Kenyon, who had been using the glass intently, suddenly flung up his head as the stranger swung her larboard quarter around more fully.

"I have her name, sir," he announced. "Give it!" the Captain ordered.

"She's the Don Jose."

"Don Jose! Spanish or, far more likely, Mexican, or belonging to a small Caribbean company."

"Do you think her a revolutionary privateer?"

"Maybe."

"They are lowering a boat from her."

"Ah! We shall see more of her people soon. I suppose they want water or food from us, but, sir, if I was a mighty high-handed way to get it when they sent that shot athwart our bows."

King was still in a ferment of anger, and he walked apart and stood staring at the advancing boat with hostility in his eyes and his square face. He had sulked more than once before with abundant firearms aboard, but, on the present occasion, his desire to give the Orange-Scarlet fend nothing to feed upon had led him to forbid all weapons of that sort.

The crew of the Lady-for-Me were in no condition to fight armed men.

"I did think these fellows might be West India negroes," Mate Hunt said to Kenyon, "but it's not so. All white men, aren't they?"

"So they seem from here."

"They use their oars smartly, and appear to be a likely lot."

"Do you notice that not a man in the boat has a visible weapon?"

"I hadn't thought of that, but it's so."

"Even so we shall see revolvers and knives when they board us, but I think a warship crew or a gang of revolutionists would have rifles and be too fond of showing off to leave them behind."

"Well, it's comforting that they have none."

"Look at them, Hunt! What else do you see?"

"Nothing."

"Perhaps it comes under the head of nothing, but there is a woman in that boat, and she's black as Pompey's father. Four hands at the oars, one fellow standing, that negro woman, I wonder," Oliver added with a touch of humor, "if she's the commander."

"Why the deuce is she coming here? She sits up straight enough, so she can hardly be a sick woman. This gets to be nerve-piddling."

"Time will enlighten us. Wait for the pleasure of the Don Jose gang."

The wait was brief. Under the send of the neatly handled oars the boat was whipped nearer each instant, until it was drawn in and grappled. Fearlessly, yet with a conscious superiority that was free from bluster, the strangers prepared to lay the boat under the ship's counter.

Viewed at closer at hand there was nothing in their appearance to suggest the pirate, yet they surely were not wealthy men of civilization. Every man had a grim face, and nobody on the deck of the Lady-for-Me found them more prepossessing than their gunshot had been.

They did not speak even to each other, but Captain King felt that the time for entire passivity was past.

"Boat ahoy!" he called curtly.

"Ahoy, the ship!" was the composed reply.

"What boat is that?"

"Amigos, sir, are from the schooner Don Jose, Captain Leon Valleho, and our home port is San Lopez y Oreba, Spain. Senora, with your pardon painfully for bringing ourselves to your attention so forcibly as with a great gun, but we have a written paper in English that we must know promptly what it says. I am the only man of us who can speak English, and the language I cannot read. We ask your leave to stay in your ship so long as you need to read the writing, and then we will politely go our way. Once more, pardon us, for we are peaceable gentlemen. The only wish to have the writing read."

"What part in the reading has that negro woman got to play?" quickly demanded Captain King, his boat filled with suspicion.

"She is what you call dumb person, so she cannot talk, and is so ignorant that she cannot read, but she will draw a map of some islands near where she lives, and so be clear to you."

King's scowl grew darker. Part of this story might be true, but he was certain that a large portion of it was false. Uncertain what to do he gave head to the fact that the strangers numbered only five men, whereas he could muster twenty-eight, if need be, to defend the Lady-for-Me.

Being utterly powerless while the bowchaser of the Don Jose bore upon him, he saw nothing to be gained by delay and the sooner he submitted the sooner trouble would be out of the trouble, or so he hoped.

"I take it you want to board me," he growled irritably. "Come along. I'll lower a ladder for you. Let's get busy!"

"A million thanks, senor captain. With darkening only half an hour brief. I come to you with large gratitude."

Having said this the strange spokesman, Manuel Diaz, turned to his own followers, after which their boat was sent closer to the ship.

A sudden voice sounded at Mate Kenyon's side.

"Sir, do you believe that man?"

He started and looked at Oliver.

"Frankly, I don't imagine that anybody believes him," Oliver returned. "It is yet early in the morning, and yet it is barely possible that he is only stupid."

"Those insolent fellows will bring trouble with them!" he exclaimed. "I am not a sailor, but this is a case of reading men. Yonder leader carries falsehood and treachery with him."

She merely echoed Oliver's own ideas, but her prediction carried fresh weight. He felt a strong reluctance to see the strangers come aboard, but there was no way to prevent it.

By the time that touched the ship's bull the ladder was down. One of the newcomers reached out and held the little craft stationary, while the leader and two other men mounted nimbly to the deck. The leader stood facing Captain King, smiling slightly, but some of his men were more active. Previously, it had been noted without special interest that two or three coats or cloaks were spread in the bottom of the boat. Now, the fourth oarsman threw back the thing aside and the sunlight glittered slightly on objects that lay below, covered, until now, by garments.

A moment later all the strangers were busy and four rifles were rapidly passed up the ladder, the last of the oarsmen followed, and the fabrication on the deck was materially changed.

Each of the oarsmen held a rifle, and the leader had drawn two revolvers. This array of firearms menaced the unarmed crew of the ship.

Dumfounded inaction held away among Captain King's party, but the spokesman of the strangers was smiling easily and with outward good nature. Any perceptible hostility went along with this dubious affability.

"Captain," he said, addressing King, "I beg your pardon that I have resorted to a trick, but I am here as the Captain Valleho, and no seaport called San Lopez y Oreba. Our purpose in coming here is that which is represented it to be. We have no paper that we desire to be read, and if there was one I am able to read it for myself. I am familiar with the English language as any of you are. Perhaps you will notice that I now speak with a Spanish accent without. I've played a bit of a trick on you."

Unknown to him he was addressing a man born and bred in the commonage, and the blood of the Cumberlands was stirred to the quick. John King listened, looked and meditated.

Four rifles and two revolvers were something dangerous to defy when one was unarmed, but the Captain's mind to risk everything and set his emptyhanded sailors upon the intruding party. Prudence, however, counseled that he wait until such a course was impervious to failure.

"What," he demanded, his deep voice rumbling with anger, "do you want?"

The golden pirates, after a little difficulty with Zachariah and Amy, get off from the Lady-for-Me, carrying with them what they want—and the crew of the Lady-for-Me are more puzzled than ever. Read the next installment of the "Kidnaped Freebies" in next week's Ledger. You'll laugh.

THE HAW-HANDED WOLF

By P. G. Estee

Here is the first baseball story of the season and we think you will agree that it is a good one. If you are a fan, you will get a lot of enjoyment from it.

We GET word of the Wolf one afternoon just as he is slipping into our uniforms for a tussle with the Denver Bears. Old Dake reads the telegram to himself in a couple of times, looking puzzled, and then he reads it to the bunch. It is dated from a little town in South Dakota corn belt and is more or less confusing.

"We have a haw-handed wolf here that can bring home the bacon for the Lambs every time he enters. Come and get him."

"What do we wapt of another mascot? We got Mack's three-legged dog now," says Hinckley, our spit-ball artist.

"We wolves wanted to join the lambs," grins Sam Martin, the shortstop. "What's the Whistleburger trying to pull on us?"

"Looks to me, my good sense of that wolf stuff," I cuts in. "Seeing what the Bears did to us yesterday. Anyway, if your pool sheepherd would crank up your tuper works you would know that the message means something human."

"You think so?" queries old Dake. "What the Sam Hill is a haw-hander, then?"

"Never drove oxen for your daddy's plow, did you?" I says. "Well, I did, and haw-handed critters are the same as port twirler, southpaw, offside hurler and other fancy names applied by reporters to the southpaw delivery."

"No haw-handers wanted," says the old man. "Tom Hall is going so good that the Bears will be operating oculists tonight, thinking it's their eyes."

He tears up the message and we go out and get ready. For five innings the game seems to work out the way Dake has figured it. But in the sixth Hall tries to reach home on Bratter's little fluke single and he collides with Big Chief Shanley, the Lambs' catcher. Result: A broken leg for Hall. Macklin goes in and does fair for a relief, but in the eighth a batted ball puts his offside wing in line for hospital treatment.

Then the old man has a hunch. All of us are, for that matter. We are up in the first division, but we have to fight to stay there and our highbanders have about good against the Izzies, Kaws or Omahogs.

Hardy goes in and does the best he can, but he might as well have tried to stop the Missouri from washing out pontoon bridges during the spring season. The Bears make a good meal off the Lambs, fattening up their batting averages quite a heap.

"Suppose there was anything in that corn-belt-league hero stuff, Sam?" asks Dake. "Was it beast or human they wanted to get?"

"Ask 'em how many legs their wolf has got," I advises.

"Well, he's got hoof and hock comes an answer next day. We get it just after the Bears have trimmed us again.

"Has two legs, two arms. Needs just one arm to outclass the Lambs. Name is Melowe. Grab him quick, Staley."

"Be a cinch of it, Dake. Lamb's uniform, eh?" says the boss, thoughtful. "Let's see. Melowe, Melowe—his fare from the corn belt—and back."

We send off another message with a fare guaranteed, that is, to speculate as to what we have bought.

"Nothing good ever came out of Dakota," says O'Mera, the center-fielder, next day.

"You're forgetting Philippi, who knocked down Cleary's pink tree thirteen in a row in a certain world's series," grins Baggett.

"The Government depends quite a bit on a certain product of the Black Hills," states Martin.

"This haw-handed gent will need Government backing to his arm when he goes up against the Kaws," sneers Harkins.

"He'll take a bite, maybe, here and there, if you Lambs nose him too rough," says Dake, pulling at his ear.

"There's a lot of chaps tried that and found we had something hard under the wool," comes back Harkins, who likes to think he's real belligerent. "Honest, Harkins is a terrible guy when it comes to fighting manicurists, telephone girls, waitresses and such like.

"Some day I'm going to soak that old stiff, too, for all matters, after Dake with one long hard look at him has gone on out of possible hearing.

"Play you're a submarine and submerge, Harkins," I suggests. "If you make any breaks at this Dakota product, Philippe Jim knocks off your periscope."

There's quite a bunch of us get up early to greet the Wolf the morning he is supposed to hit our special sleeper at some little junction that we are passing in a jump from Denver to Des Moines. The fellow lives up to his nom de plume, in looks, anyway.

He is a good six foot tall and solid constructed, with a good head, a beetle front and a chin that juts out like the usual bungalow porch. Seems to be well filled fellow, nice shoulders and his smile. His eye looks bad to me and I decide to lay off the usual joshing about Whistlebirg or the status of the annual corn crop.

Harkins, tho, don't have any qualms about mauling a man, and when the big fellow merely flushes and makes no come-back whatever, he gets real bold and personal.

The Izzies get the odd game on us and when we get to Kawtown the boss is so downcast he forgets to put the new man first game. I have been trying out the haw-handed kid and figure that he's pretty good if he can keep his head.

Trouble is, he don't hardly live up to his name otherwise either. He's too mild, and already he has stood for lots of unnecessary joshing. I am sorry for him, but he'll have to onto his reputation for good nature. They're a pretty rough lot that year; ready to ride an umpire out of town if they could see a chance for a nanny and maybe an extra base sometimes.

Fisherin, he's especially raw. And sure enough the first time he comes up he squints down at the Wolf, who so far has been good enough.

"Let's see," he says. "Dakota is noted for something yellow and another product turns yellow when the heat strikes it. I'm a warm baby and I wonder if you won't turn color when I hit that bee out of yours clear out of the park."

Never mind him, Bobbie," chirrups Hanson, who's coaching at first. "After this game he'll go back to pitching wire grass on Mr. Jim Hill's bottoms."

"Not till I make him quit. Wonder where he gets that Wolf stuff?" says Roberts, whaling the first fast one over. He hits the next over tho, and adds a few remarks as he goes down to first.

I notice the Wolf's face tighten up when they first open up on him, but he don't say a word. In fact, for a moment he looks like a small boy that wants to cry.

Two innings later, coming in, he gives his glove a toss and slips over to grab a bat. As luck would have it, the glove hits Roberts in the face and the big rough-neck is already sore, having tried to be cute; swinging at a wild one with the idea of bunting first one in, thus forcing a third strike. Unfortunately, I'm working fast and get the ball in time to nip him three feet off. He cusses the haw-hander out, and the big bushes, instead of swatting him, just backs up, apologizing for the mistake. I figure that this his goal is sure gone, but he lines out one of Markley's curves and goes in next inning with a big chip.

"Wolf, you say they call you?" sneers Hanson, when he comes up. "It would be easy to think that is something more appropriate. Wolf! Bah!"

"Maybe it ought to be coyote," chips in Dakota Bob. "There's a big difference between a wolf and a coyote."

Now there's a heap of difference between a wolf and a coyote in point of courage, and we look to see the new man land on a Kaw or two when he comes to bat. Instead, he keeps his lips shut tight and goes after the ball; pretty near knocking one of mine with a double that let in two Lambs.

The stuff was all off tho, as far as his being classed as a regular guy. The Kaws we went against all rode him, umpires slipped him bad ones, and even our own bunch, of the Bears, who hate to see it, they customarily hesitated at taking with other free and upstanding citizens of the same ilk as Harkins, in particular, was bold and careless with the haw-hander.

As for me, I was catching that little old horsehide thing and I knew that the Wolf was a real guy and that I never saw no weakening of his heart when the pinches came. If there was a real yellow streak in him I'd have found it and it was born there—just man fear. I hadn't caught all the big ones, at one time or another, and I knew a man, or boy, too, that the bean artists, who hoped they could scare him out of his regular hit or to get pretty near to coming wrong. The Wolf went right back close to the plate every time and he got the hits.

"What you got that just those big shoulders for, son?" I asks one evening, after we been up against the Kaws on their trip north. "Why don't take a big, full-sized wolf bite out of some of those chaps?"

He got red and fussed. "It's something, Sam, I can't tell you about. It's something I can't help. You and Dake are white to stand by me. It doesn't matter about the outsiders, but the boys——"

Darned if he didn't look as if he was

going to blubber and I beat it before I could give any unmanly exhibitions. Dake and I decided that there's something funny; maybe a promise to his mother, or a girl, or something. He's afraid, but we can't feel that he is afraid.

One thing, he keeps getting better as a pitcher and he practices rik-o-shay stuff. That's what he calls it his self-rik-o-shay. He works until he has a wild pitch in front of the plate as best about what you and me can do in a billiard hall.

"If I ever give you a signal," he urges, "let your hands rest and see what happens to one of these rik-o-shay balls."

He makes me promise and keeps on practicing those funny throws until he can get me to work on one. I think the Wolf is a bit awkward, but he has a habit of hauling back of the box instead of cuddling the ball up under his arm and then cuddling it some more in the box—making the batter guess a lot. And how he can snap the ball to first from that cuddling position! He catches the best of 'em flat-footed, until they know that the corn-belt but is a fake with his offside fin.

Things were pretty quiet late in the season with weather at its best for first base and needing a couple of games in order to rest our weary feet on the top step for a day. The Kaws are on tour, and when the Omahas come from there before we get together, we'll be ready.

The Kaws beat us first off, and the need two easy. We get one back with Pfeffer up, and then comes the thunder to astonish the old ones. You know how bad we are when they ain't missin' and we're hittin' spots. Roberts and Hanson play Wolf before the game and then undertake the excitement they get ranked. I mised.

I'm on the bench that game for the first time that season. A bum with a finger keeping me out. I notices that Wolf don't start as good as he should figure that he will get the hook for the first time since he hit the show. He gets something else, the. A batted ball right square over the heart. It's an awful rap and the boss and I carry him to the club house and have men on the run for a doc. Takes quite a while, but Wolf is alive and is sounding to enough to know [illegible] on when a kid comes with a [illegible]

"For Mercy [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] while I sign the book.

[illegible] that you have been feeding a good lamb. All a joke about Kelley. Now go as far as you like."

"STALEY

The change that comes over the patient is gratifying. He hops up, nearly tipping over the doc.

"Good news, eh?" says Dake, looking pleased, too.

"Good news is correct," says Wolf. "You two have been all white. Now watch me show those spear-throwing, back-biting imitations of ball players over into dirt-eating Hottentots before I finish with them."

"Back," growls Dake, pulling him back, as he wabbled toward the door. "Rest up a minute and tell us what it's all in on the side."

"It's about my lambike dispositions," grits Wolf. "I used to be [illegible] enough bad, and when Staley got me the chance with the Lambs, the bunch framed a job on me; got me in a quarrel and fight and let on I had Kelley up for life. Promised to keep still if I kept straight and sang small for the rest of my life. Sid Kelley was willing and I agreed and offered to send him half my salary besides. Well, I cut booze and you saw how peaceable I became. I never dared sass the bat boys, even. I'm going out now and trim up everybody [illegible] Hinchey comes Hinchey's willing and I can't hold the Kaws! [illegible]

"Cease," shouts Wolf, [illegible] feet again. "If I'll go [illegible] stop the Kaws and bust one [illegible] Markley's best stanks. Will you [illegible] up in anything I do after the game?"

Dake looked Wolf over and shook his eyes and makes a long [illegible] what I was thinking about.

"I'm going to [illegible] after the game. Why?"

"Sam goes behind [illegible] says Wolf, and the boss nod [illegible]

Well, sir, what the hawks [illegible] them Kaws, up to and including the ninth, was a sin. Three lightning [illegible] and in our half we nail the odd one. Then, maybe because the heart-bust has robbed him of some stream, Wolf comes up and the Kaws get two on; nice on third and one on first.

This Roberts guy is up [illegible] loose with some insults that the fellow on first that Wolf can't [illegible] flat with one of those lightning throws.

Wolf turns around and for the first time on the field since he joined us he has a great big grin that sort of freezes on his face as he looks Roberts over careful and laughed.

Just the same I knew he was losing speed and was figuring just how to save [illegible] the mouthy Kaw wanted to de- [illegible]

"Didn't the jack rabbits use to make you nervous, along those lonely country [illegible] sneers Roberts.

"Huh! A coyote is half-brother to the jacks," shouts Hanson from the lines. "Why be afraid of relations"

"They tell me the corn belt is a turned [illegible] Brampton [illegible] Prune [illegible] strop of a hat."

This bawl-hander wouldn't fight if [illegible] was anything under the hat," says Roberts.

Now is two strikes and two balls on him then and Wolf, still smiling, gives me the rik-o-shay signal. He follows the signal with the ball and I [illegible] matched I obey and keep my hands down. The ball hits just three feet in front

"A Coyote, a Lamb, a Yellow Guy, Am I?"

of the [illegible] then hits my breast guarantee and starts back for the [illegible] Roberts has done like Wolf figures he'll swung at the wild one and run for [illegible]

The man from third is on his way home, like a runaway box car in a movie railroad thriller, but he don't get there; for Wolf, playing his own little sketch, is on his way with the ball, scooping it on the bound, touching the runner a foot off the plate and shooting it by Roberts' ear into Nelson's big mitt. Roberts turns to come back and again plays into Wolf's hand.

[illegible] coyote-hearted, [illegible] he shouts, as he [illegible] [illegible] "Then be [illegible] Wolf, [illegible] of looking pained [illegible] [illegible] shied his glove at [illegible] [illegible] had [illegible] [illegible] only the other [illegible]

Wolf is right behind his [illegible] ticks his face up to Roberts' [illegible] ring and his lips are [illegible]

"Do I look like a wolf or a coyote?" he questions, quiet enough.

Roberts begins to blackguard him, thinking maybe that Wolf will back up or something, but he sets out just two words to start Wolf into action and hits the Kaw so many times that Roberts must think the Examiner has lost its governor belt just above him somewhere. Hanson runs in to help his fellow baiter and the Wolf boy takes on the two of them with

"Well, Dolly girl," said Lisa briskly, slipping down beside her friend, "I received your note asking me to come over and consult about the wedding fixin's—here I am and here you are, glum as can be! Let's talk about pretties," she crowed.

"There's nothing to talk about," said Dolly, turning sad eyes on her friend. "There isn't to be [illegible]

Dolly shrugged [illegible] "But you are still wearing [illegible] reminded Lisa [illegible] at the diamonds on Dorothy's [illegible] "I had forgotten," said Dorothy, pushing off the ring and tossing it [illegible] the paper basket so tempting [illegible] mind.

"My, but you're [illegible] Lisa. "Love letters [illegible] diamond rings in the [illegible] ket for the se[illegible] that Phil Waring [illegible] to buy that ring to[illegible] "I don't [illegible] cleared. "But [illegible] him to buy a ring [illegible] he doesn't care for [illegible]

Well me about it, [illegible] a sudden change [illegible]

You cannot kno[illegible] Lover's Way they [illegible] tree that Phil [illegible] sometimes he is [illegible] cannot come [illegible]

"This is [illegible] time for him a[illegible] luncheon I sent [illegible] he expecting [illegible] announ[illegible] [illegible]

"Well, I hurried [illegible] I had nearly reached [illegible] wash around the [illegible] ternut tree, you know [illegible] I saw Phil [illegible] a scarlet [illegible] [illegible] was standing [illegible] was patting it [illegible] overlik[illegible] was [illegible]

No—no, no, I do [illegible] absolutely [illegible] I really is [illegible] who she was [illegible] hidden about a [illegible] was pretty—altho Phil always [illegible] he preferred brunettes. And she [illegible] as tho her hair was fixed with [illegible] sole or some[illegible] thing."

"Perhaps she was a patient who was feeling ill—or something, suggested Lisa faintly.

sniffed Dorothy coldly. [illegible] faith [illegible] but what there is a perfectly reason for what you saw today."

"That cannot be proved."

"I'm strongly tempted not to prove it to you, you have so little faith in the best of men," she said.

"How can you prove it?" demanded Dorothy, also rising.

Lisa pointed dramatically to the leather-covered corner chair where the warm afternoon sun came in the window and rested on a scarlet coat.

Dorothy looked and two pink spots flew to her cheeks [illegible] she demanded scornfully.

"Why, dear, it was my horrid yellow head that rested on the manly arm of Dr. Waring," mimicked Miss Mason with evident amusement and a bit of spite in her manner; and Dorothy, Dorothy Penfield, that the color of my hair is my own and always has been, as a very well know [illegible]

Warm-hearted Lisa ran to her and put her arms around the shrinking shoulders [illegible]

"It was a foolish mistake, dear, and [illegible] Dolly," she cried remorsefully. "Well I—I—take a long story short, and to drive the [illegible] away from your dear [illegible] had a wretched quarrel with Ralph last night and I went away in an impetuous manner, threatening to [illegible] to New York today, and go to the other end of the world."

"I didn't sleep a [illegible] nk last night, and all morning I waited for him to come and make up, but he didn't appear. So after luncheon I started down to Dr. Philip to take him if he wouldn't see Ralph and tell him for me that it was all a mistake. Just as I reached Lover's Way I saw the doctor's car at the end of the Way, and his chauffeur was just disappearing among the sumachs.

"So I ran after him and fell weeping into his sheltered arms and told him mom to death. He kept asking: 'Has anything happened to Dolly? Is Dolly all right?' until I got so I was sure it was all the matter, and then he laughed and said his young brother needed—just what my darling, Dolly—he said Ralph needed a good old-fashioned lickings—those are the very words he used."

"So—so Dorothy, shall we talk wedding things?" ended Lisa, smiling at Dorothy's radiant little face. Then she added swiftly: "Here they come, Dolly, Phil and Ralph—and Ralph is bearing peace offerings—candy and flowers."

"Wait!" cried Dolly, breathlessly, as she fumbled in the waste paper basket. "Wait, Lisa, don't let them in until I get my ring."

It's a Way Lovers Have

BY JAMES H. HULL.

It [illegible] of the year the path [illegible] Way led thru a tangle [illegible] old rose bushes and trailing [illegible] It [illegible] to sunshine was [illegible] glory of red and gold, and [illegible] ch crowded its luxuriant foliage [illegible] honey-tinted blooms until [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Quitter Who Didn't

By Marquis James

[illegible] W. D. Boyce Co.]

You Can Go On If You Read This

IT is said that no American is so completely and intensely progressive, once he is spurred to action, as your proud son of the leisured aristocracy of the South. Blair J. Bixby, such a son, takes a fling at fortune in Chicago, and Chicago treats him ill. With but few articles of value still unpawned, smarting under the ignominy of his humble part in the Northern city, he listens irresistibly to the call of easeful luxury and family prestige in his Southern home. Mazie Boone alone keeps him holding his ground. She also is from the South—that is, Texas—a young artist who, like Blair Bixby, is up against defeat. Blair asks her to marry him and paints alluring pictures of their return to a life of dignity in his father's home. She scorns it. Under the spur of her pride in his own native abilities, he takes, not a Pullman for Charleston, his home, but a cattle train for Oklahoma—a field of action, as Mazie has pointed out, worthy of his own revered colonial ancestors. Arrived in Caldwell, just over the line from Oklahoma, Bixby proves his grit on the back of Charlie Higgins' evil-eyed broncho and thereby obtains a job as cowboy, with Higgins as his best friend. In one of their lone [illegible] over the range Higgins [illegible] of "sooners," [illegible] ledge of a mess, one of whom he recognizes and draws upon, but cannot bring himself to shoot. Bix[illegible] does not forget the mysterie[illegible] [illegible] definition of "sooner" as one who hides in the forbidden territory against the great opening day and [illegible] the choicer lands. Bixby says farewell to the cattlemen, receiving his cowpony as a gift of good will, and rides away to Kingfisher. There he [illegible] recognition follows [illegible]

because he has overheard their plotting in the Strip. September 16 arrives and 100,000 men race for the land in the Strip. Bixby races for the section adjoining the town site of Enid. As he nears the goal he finds himself running just behind another man whom he takes to be a "sooner." The man's horse stumbles and Bixby dashes on to stake the coveted land. He then turns to aid the [illegible] rival, the condition of whose horse has convinced him that the man is not a "sooner." The man orders Bixby off his section at the point of a gun. His name is Ben Boone and Bixby has a premonition that he is Mazie's father. Patrolling his section lines against the encroachments of "sooners," Bixby comes upon fresh hoof-prints in the sand at the bottom of a ravine bordering his land, but finding no other trace of a "sooner" in hiding, returns to his tent for the night. The following day Bixby and his neighbor Hardy, on the north, get together and agree on a signal of shots fired in the air should either sight a "sooner" on his land. Thereafter, riding his section line, preparatory to filing his claim, Bixby discerns a horsewoman cantering over Boone's land and, sure that it is Mazie, gallops toward her. Mazie indeed it is, but she receives him with cold scorn, for her father, corroborated by Pritchard and Brooks, has told her Bixby is a "sooner." [illegible] dejectedly to his [illegible] ground, Bixby hears the signal of shots fired in the air and he makes off at once for Hardy's ravine. There he is ambushed by Pritchard. [illegible] latter levels his guns on Bixby, Charlie Higgins, who has come back, gunning for Pritchard, suddenly appears and pours a stream of lead after the [illegible] Bixby, his life miraculously saved, [illegible]

[illegible] quarrel [illegible] intended to "get" him [illegible]

March 25.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SHOOTING TAKES PLACE.

AS HIGGINS rode in sight of the Boone shack from the north, he saw Ben Boone riding away toward the west, headed for Enid, no doubt. Boone did not see Higgins and Higgins [illegible] matter [illegible] So [illegible] leisurely [illegible] gait until Boone vanished over the crest of a rise to the east.

A few minutes later Charley Higgins [illegible] his saddle and tapped stoutly [illegible] the door of the very primitive [illegible] domicile. Mazie answered his [illegible]

"Charlie Higgins!" she exclaimed in surprise, but a tone which hardly denoted glad surprise.

"Right [illegible]" [illegible] the cowboy. "I [illegible] so bad as to recommend a change of name just yet. Excuse [illegible] as charming [illegible]"

"Where on earth did you come from and what do you want and whom did you come to see, father or I?"

"One question at a time, please, and not so fast and serious," countered Charlie. "First, I come from the claim just south of here. I'm sort of a neighbor and [illegible] like. What I want is something I'll be getting around to in a minute. I came to see you and [illegible] excuse me [illegible] I mean [illegible] I could [illegible] Almost ran into him riding over, but I reckoned I had better come and talk straight to you, [illegible] that what I have to say [illegible] the old man [illegible] your [illegible]"

"Charley, I thought anything that you might have to say to me had been said long ago," [illegible] the girl. [illegible] regards had been clear and unmistakable. So why should you approach me and not my father?"

"Well, for a number of reasons," responded Higgins, smiling broadly. [illegible] details, ain't you going to [illegible]

[illegible] with them," volun[illegible] to come in with alacrity. "My, what a swell lay-out!" he exclaimed, gazing about the one room which served all the purposes of domicile for Ben Boone and [illegible] "It just goes to show what [illegible] toward tidying up a shack," he added, noting the white strips of muslin which Mazie had doing as window curtains.

"I'm sorry you like the place, Charlie," [illegible] "I don't want you to take too much of a fancy to it and stay until dad gets back. But I do think it looks passable for being only 3 days old and considering the limited resources at disposal."

"Right nice, right nice," affirmed Higgins. "Of course, it ain't nothing like the old place [illegible]"

"Please don't speak of that," said the girl.

"It was pretty hard on your father, I guess," added Higgins, "losing all he had at his age, fine home and all, and having to begin life over again in the Wild West here, so to speak."

"Say, Charley, you aren't going to go back to the old question again, are you?"

"No, Miss Mazie, that is not exactly the old question. I know I was a fool to go and fall in love with you like I did, then a mere hand on your father's place in Texas. And you was no more than right turning me down and your father was no more than right in backing you up—strong, just as he did. And now that your father has gone and lost everything and is starting out making his way in the world again, I don't presume that it is a bit different. Money ain't everything, you know. You [illegible] much of a fine lady now, here in your little—er—calico dress and in this here shack—a nice, tidy one, but a shack just the same—as you was on your father's old place in Texas, the mistress of a mansion. And I am the same [illegible] and if I had a million dollars, I wouldn't be good enough for you.

"No, it's not the old question that brings me here. I have taken my medicine and it's cured me. I came here on account of Bixby, that young feller from South Carolina, you met up in Chicago."

"Charley Higgins!" Mazie flashed indignantly. "He sent you here to me?"

"No ma'am; no indeed!" protested Charley vehemently. "He didn't send me. I come on my own hook. I come because I wanted to do the square thing by a lad who's been done wrong by."

"Wronged, indeed!" the girl flung back. "Blair J. Bixby, of the Carolina Bixbys [illegible] of prating about, had his deserts, he would be looking thru the bars in the county jail, if they had such a thing here."

"Just what, pray, miss, has the lad done that makes you think so hard of him? From all I can gather, you had a pretty high opinion of him when he first set out for these parts, and since you haven't seen him since he came here, you must have taken the word of others as your reason for changing that opinion."

"But I have seen him since he came here," the girl informed Charley.

"You have? Well, he didn't say nothing about that."

"I don't doubt it. It wasn't exactly a pleasant meeting for either of us."

"Just the same," persisted Charley, "it wasn't anything he owned up to, or anything you happen to know first hand that made you change your opinion of him. You are taking somebody else's word for it, and I have come to tell you that that somebody, whoever it was, if he said anything against Blair Bixby, lied!"

"Charley," reproved Mazie, "you are making rash statements. Rash statements, you know, are your great failing."

"Well, I'll admit I made a lot of rash statements once on a time, but them days has gone, Miss Mazie. I tell you again, I'm not here to rake up old scores. I've come to put you right with a pard who's been done wrong by. So, who, might I ask, told you something agin Bix?"

"My father for one."

Charley whistled.

"Whew! Ordinarily, I'd say when your old man—I mean, your father—Mr. Boone got [illegible] But in this case, your father must be mistaken. I believe I know Bix as well or better than he does. But what, might I ask, is his particular grudge against the young man?"

"No grudge," replied Mazie, "except that he caught him red-handed."

"At what?"

"Soonering."

"It's a lie," flashed Charley. "Of course, I mean your father is mistaken. Blair Bixby ain't no sooner. I can bring witnesses who will swear to that on a stack of Bibles."

"But dad isn't going alone on his own opinions," Mazie insisted. "Luckily we met up with a gentleman who knows something about Mr. Bixby's activities in this country before the run."

"And who might this stranger be who comes forward with such damaging information?"

"Mr. Pritchard."

"Mr.—who?" demanded Charley incredulously.

"Mr. Pritchard—that's all I know about him."

"Tall man with a big black mustache?"

"Yes."

"Well," remarked Higgins grimly, "that's Bill Pritchard, and let me tell you something about him. I knew Bill Pritchard in New Mexico before I went to Texas and got work on your father's place. You will recall when I first went to work for your father there, I hadn't quite recovered from a bullet wound—in the back, you remember."

"Yes, and I also recall that you never satisfactorily explained, even to me," said Mazie, "just how you got that bullet wound."

"I'll explain now. Bill Pritchard, this same 'gentleman' who is blackening the name of Blair Bixby to your father, [illegible] it to me. Shot me down in cold blood—in the back. You've been in the West long enough to know what it means to shoot a man in the back. Well, Pritchard did that to [illegible] known as the dirtiest [illegible] crook in New Mexico [illegible] a sort of agent [illegible] playing the sooner game [illegible] I know that to be a [illegible] rode range in this [illegible] opened and I caught [illegible] you say, plotting a sooner [illegible] could have killed him then, shot him in the back, and he'd never know what hit him, but I'm not that sort. Just yesterday here I kept Pritchard from killing [illegible] for his life. I almost got Bill then, but he saw me first and beat it. But he won't always be that lucky. Some day we'll meet and only one of us will go away to tell about it."

Mazie Boone betrayed [illegible] in Higgins' words for the first time.

"Charley," she demanded, "is this true?"

"Miss Mazie, did I ever, so far as you know, tell you anything that wasn't true? I know I'm just a rough cow-puncher, but I've always tried to play the man's game and play it up to the handle. I have my faults a-plenty, but one of them is not lying to women. What I have told you is the God's own truth and I can prove it."

"My father might be interested, after all, in what you have to say," said Mazie.

"He [illegible]"

"Perhaps he would be interested," agreed Charley. "And I am willing to tell him anything I know, tho talking is not exactly my long suit; but first off I want to convince you that Blair Bixby is O. K. and innocent of all these lies that have reached your ears. I have [illegible] Bix ever since he hit this country, a [illegible] tenderfoot. He joined our outfit [illegible] Bar X—and he made good. I rode [illegible] with him for a couple of months and we got pretty well acquainted like. As you have intimated, he had one great fault, at first. He had the idea that being the descendant of those dead Bixbys in the South was about all that was necessary. Well, the West soon took that out of him. He left our outfit to take a claim here in the Strip. He did that for [illegible] I thought we had parted forever then, but I had a run-in with the foreman shortly after we began the drive west and quit and sort of drifted back here. About the first person I run into was Bix and it was lucky for him that I happened along. This 'gentleman,' Bill Pritchard, had a six-shooter leveled at his head and was fixing to blow his brains out."

"Oh, is that true, Charley?"

"'Pon my honor, miss."

"But what had Pritchard against Mr. Bixby?"

"Nothing much, I reckon, except that Bix rode in from Kingfisher and staked the claim that Pritchard had arranged for one of his sooner's to get."

"Charley, I know you have told me the truth," said the girl after a pause. "I can never thank you enough. I want you to stay until father comes. Listen. Hear that horse? I reckon that's my dad coming now."

Higgins and the girl listened while a horseman dashed up to the door of the shack and dismounted. A moment later a stout rap was heard on the panel.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Mazie, as she started toward the door. "Dad wouldn't have rapped."

Mazie opened the door and shrank back with a confused ejaculation of surprise on her lips.

"Why, Miss Boone, what——"

Higgins recognized Bill Pritchard's voice!

[illegible] a strange [illegible] into the shack [illegible] and recognized Charley Higgins [illegible]

There was no time for words. Pritchard's hand was on his pistol. Higgins' arm dropped like lightning. Two shots rang out, but the cow-puncher's bullet was a fraction of a second the quickest. Bill Pritchard lurched forward, and with an oath fell to the floor with a bullet hole thru his breast. The ball intended for Higgins crashed thru a window pane.

Shrieking with fright, Mazie fled from the shack.

CHAPTER XV

FATE STACKS THE CARDS

"IT'S all over now, miss. As I told you, it had to come sometime, but I am downright sorry it happened in your house this way. Sort of mussed up the floor a bit and put one winder pane plum out of business. He's not dead, tho. That isn't my fault, however, just as it isn't his fault that I am not lay[illegible] where he is. I picked him up and put him on the cot in the corner, and [illegible] I don't believe there is much use in it, I reckon I ought to run into town and try and scare up a doctor."

Mazie had [illegible] urged her to go inside and wait until he returned with a doctor, but she said she preferred to stay outside and urged him to hurry as she didn't want any one [illegible]

Higgins mounted and galloped [illegible] [illegible] pense all around.

As Higgins reached the spot where the dusty trail which is now East Broadway in Enid merged into the prairie [illegible] men riding ahead of him [illegible] He recognized the pony of the rider ahead as Bixby's horse. Wondering what errand was bringing Bix [illegible] town so early, he galloped ahead to investigate.

"Say, young feller," cried Charlie, reining up alongside Bixby, "what's taking you off the place in such a hurry? Didn't you say you would [illegible] until I got back?"

"Just [illegible] that man is my prisoner, and I want to know who's talking to him."

The interruption, which came before Blair could reply, was made by the second horseman who was riding just behind Bixby.

"What this gentleman says is true," explained Bixby, in answer to the look

of blank amazement which came over Higgins' countenance. "You had better address your questions to him."

The cowboy needed no further explanations. At a glance he noted Bixby was disarmed and that his guardian rode with one hand on the grip of his revolver. Higgins turned to the one obviously in command of the situation.

"I presume you are an officer of the law. I am a friend of the prisoner's here. I know him pretty well, and since I hadn't heard of him doing anything that might get the law on him, might I ask what is the cause of this here demonstration."

"I'm Porter, a deputy marshal," the other replied in a crisp tone of authority, "and your friend here is under arrest to answer a charge of murder."

"Murder!"

"That's it," responded the deputy marshal impassively.

"Well, who—who do you claim he killed?" demanded Higgins.

"I don't claim he killed anybody," answered Porter. "That's for the jury to decide, unless the vigilantes get obstreperous and take the law in their own hands. I'm only an officer of the law doing my duty and making the arrest on evidence."

"Well, who's the dead man, anyway."

"That's more like it," observed the deputy. "The victim's name is Hardy, I believe, Frank Hardy, with whom the prisoner had some dispute regarding the right to a claim east of here."

"What evidence have you that Bixby killed this man?"

"Well, in the first place," ruminated Porter, "Hardy is dead, and in the second place, we have an eyewitness to the crime."

"You have a person who says he saw Blair Bixby kill this man!" exclaimed Higgins. "Bix, for G—d's sake, what does this mean?"

Bixby was about to reply but Porter with a menacing flourish of his pistol shut him off.

"Your time to talk will come later," he said.

"Well, when might I ask," pursued Higgins, "did this shooting take place, and who is the eyewitness?"

"It happened yesterday morning," said Porter, "in the ravine on the east side of the claim the prisoner staked. The witness was riding along the edge of the gully when he came upon the prisoner here and Hardy quarreling over the right to the claim. Suddenly without warning, the prisoner whipped out a gun and shot Hardy down. He gave the man no warning, no chance to draw and make a fair fight—and that's murder."

"Who did you say this witness is?" quizzed Higgins.

"I don't remember saying at all," returned the deputy marshal.

"I guess you didn't mention his name, but I'd appreciate it if you would," replied Higgins. "As I said I have known Bixby here ever since he hit these parts which hasn't been so long, but I believe I know him well enough to take considerable interest in this case. I am a pard of Bixby's and I am with him—if he is right and against him if he is wrong. And I'll gamble my life on it that he is not the man who killed Hardy. Higgins is my name, marshal; Charley Higgins, and I have been punching cattle in this country for many a year. I bear a pretty fair reputation among those that know me, and I have some friends in this camp. Ask them about Charley Higgins. Of course, I don't want you to do anything that's not proper and according to Hoyle in this thing, but I'd like mightily to know who this eyewitness is."

"Pritchard, William Pritchard is his name," answered Porter briefly.

"In that case," drawled the cowboy, "you can just scratch Mr. Eyewitness off your list, for I shot him lessen' a half hour ago. He ain't dead yet. I'm going for a doctor now, but it's not much use."

"What's this?" demanded Porter.

"Charley, you don't mean to say——" cried Bixby, forgetting himself.

"Just as I said," replied Higgins. "But this wasn't no murder and I have a real eyewitness to that fact—a young lady. It was just a killing, or will be when Pritchard cashes in. He drew first but I beat him to the trigger."

"What you say is interesting if true," observed Porter, "and for the time being, I'll take your word for it. You are my prisoner. Hand over your gun."

Higgins passed his weapon over to the deputy.

"I never argue a point with an officer of the law," he said. "And now that I am more or less officially identified with my friend's case, and since Bixby and I are prisoners together, have you any particular objections to me telling you some more I know about this man Pritchard and his relation to Bixby here?"

"Go ahead," invited Porter.

Whereupon Higgins related, first his encounter with Pritchard in New Mexico, second how Bixby and he had encountered Pritchard plotting the soonercoup at the mesa, and third how he had saved Bixby from death at Pritchard's hands the day before. Higgins pointed out that this occurred about the same spot where the body of Hardy was found. Bixby asked permission to speak and told how he happened to be in the canyon when Pritchard ambushed him [illegible] to answer to shots which were prearranged signal between

And He Knew She Had Many Things to Say to Him.

Hardy and himself. Bixby ventured the surmise that these shots, instead of the signal, may have been fired in a battle between Hardy and [illegible] in which Hardy was killed.

[illegible] association with the [illegible] upholding the law and order in a particularly rough and lawless region had cultivated his [illegible] for judging men and distinguishing between truth and falsehood. While not prepared to take too much for granted on a stranger's say-so, he recognized the possibility of more than a modicum of truth in Higgin's story.

"You say Pritchard is lying wounded out in the Boone shack," he questioned when Higgins had finished.

"Either wounded or dead," the cowboy responded. "He was in no shape to get up and walk off when I left him."

"All right," said Porter. "We'll get a doctor. [illegible] Doc Fairgrave has opened up a place just off the Square and I'll take you two out to the Boone place and we'll see if Pritchard is able to take any [illegible] in your story, Higgins."

Dr. Fairgrave was [illegible] and a few minutes later the four of them, Higgins and Bixby [illegible] and Porter and the doctor behind, were proceeding back toward the Boone cabin.

Mazie still lingered outside the [illegible] when the quartet rode up. Porter briefly explained his mission to the astonished girl and the men went inside, Mazie remaining without. Dr. Fairgrave hastened to the side of the [illegible] and after a [illegible] examination of the wound, looked up and [illegible] to Porter.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] rather different [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] told you the God's [illegible] Bixby—killed—Hardy. saw—him!"

Pritchard [illegible]

The words probably never reached the gunman's ears. With another groan, the death rattle came into his throat and a minute later Bill Pritchard had to answer for that death-bed falsehood in another world.

Porter turned to Bixby.

"I have given this case a good deal of thought since our friend Higgins joined the party a bit ago," he said. "As an officer of the law, I also try to be an officer of justice. Whether you killed Frank Hardy is something a jury must decide. Pritchard said you killed him and swore he witnessed the murder. Now Pritchard is dead. The only person who disputes his statement is Higgins here. And Higgins doesn't deny killing Pritchard. Since so much bad blood existed between Higgins and Pritchard, a reasonable man must admit that there is room for doubt regarding Higgins' story. Now, I'm not saying Higgins is trying to shoulder the blame onto Pritchard, who by Higgins' hand is no longer able to speak for himself. That also is for the judge and jury to decide. Pritchard stuck to his statement, knowing he was dying. I've known even the most hardened sinners to relent a little on their death bed. The fact that Pritchard didn't has made a strong impression on me. Speaking frankly, Bixby, I therefore will have to take you to town and turn you over to the [illegible] authorities on a charge of murder. Higgins, I believe you said the young lady [illegible] the affair between [illegible] d. If she says it was [illegible] you killed him I am [illegible] word for it and let [illegible] sent. Let's go outside and see what she has to say."

Mazie's recital of the shooting of Pritchard was sufficient to clear Higgins in the mind of the deputy marshal.

"You may consider yourself at liberty, Higgins," said Porter, "if you will promise to be on hand as a witness before the coroner's jury."

"I'll be there," said Higgins. "I'm going to stick by my pard here until I [illegible] him clear of the charge against him."

[illegible] estimation Mazie [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] ped the situation [illegible]

[illegible] advancing toward [illegible] connected with [illegible]

[illegible] with this affair, [illegible] lighting up at the sound of her voice. "It's something a great deal worse. I am charged with the murder of another man. Pritchard

[illegible]

CHAPTER X.

BROOKS [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] little affair you can count on Higgins to stick to you till the cows come home. I ain't never yet deserted a pard in trouble and I'm not going to begin now; and furthermore, I wouldn't be on your side if I didn't know [illegible] right. I have friends in this camp [illegible] who know me from away back, and all I have to do is to say the word to them and there will be a powerful lot of influence exerted in your behalf. Don't worry; just calm a bit and you'll [illegible]

[illegible] a friend in time of need Bixby [illegible] in this homely, sincere, rollicking little cowboy. However, at the present stage of the game, it would have taken a good deal to have cheered Bixby to any considerable extent. In fact, there was just one person in the world who could have done it, and she was left behind with Dr. Fairgrave. The fact that she was behind and not at his side to cheer and comfort him [illegible] the difference between happiness and sorrow, hope and despair to Blair Bixby.

Arrived at the land-office building, which was the headquarters of all the government [illegible] in Enid, Bixby was turned over to the custody of another deputy to await the 3 o'clock train which was to take him to Kingfisher, where the nearest jail was located. It was then noon.

Porter told Bixby to make himself comfortable until 2:45, when they would go to the depot to board the train.

"I'm going out to look up some friends here," said Higgins. "I'll be back at 2 o'clock or before and maybe we won't have to trouble our friend Porter to make that trip to Kingfisher after all."

Meantime some dinner was brought to Bixby, but he had no stomach for food. He took strangely little interest in Higgins' activity in his behalf for, after all, what mattered since Mazie had forsaken him [illegible] fisher train would [illegible]

Higgins returned at [illegible]

"Sorry, pard," he said, "but I [illegible] find the party I went after. He's out of town and won't be back before evening. I guess we're out of luck for the present. I haven't given up yet, tho. But if you have to go down to Kingfisher, I'll be there tomorrow and we'll comb [illegible]

[illegible] Enid, and never see or hear [illegible] again, eclipsed everything [illegible]

Higgins departed and Blair settled down for the final wait until Porter should reappear. Higgins had not been away more than a few minutes when Deputy Marshal Porter hurriedly entered the room.

"Oh, Bixby," he called out, "come [illegible]"

"Train time already?" asked Bixby.

"No, this is something else."

Bixby rose and followed the deputy from the room.

"Did you ever see this man before?" Porter asked Blair as the two emerged into the room adjoining. The deputy indicated a handcuffed individual seated on a bench beside two officers.

It was none other than Brooke, Pritchard's old associate, with whom

Bixby had had his first gun fight [illegible] Kingfisher before the openi[illegible]

"I have," replied Bixby calmly.

"Well, you have something to thank him for," replied Porter.

"What? [illegible] didn't kill [illegible] when he [illegible] in Kingfisher [illegible]

[illegible] you a free [illegible] are deputy [illegible] where this [illegible] arson and cat[illegible] have [illegible] and [illegible] trail for months and what [illegible] to say about Pritchard sort of leads [illegible] to reject [illegible] ht have made [illegible] fort to [illegible] here, na[illegible] Pritchard [illegible] had planned [illegible]

[illegible] will [illegible] on th[illegible] oute to Albuquerque [illegible] for the trouble [illegible] such thing [illegible] disagreeable [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Porter [illegible] a little mo[illegible] if you don't mind and [illegible] me. I'll be on [illegible]

[illegible] a far from happ[illegible] across the dusty square [illegible] restaurant [illegible] if Ma[illegible] him—

"Mr [illegible] are you going [illegible] his shoul[illegible] close to his [illegible] and beheld the tower[illegible] Boone. His cordial [illegible] better to his ears than Porter's announcement that he was a free man.

"Why, Mr. [illegible]one——" exclaim[illegible] Bixby.

[illegible]ight, [illegible] right. First off, I want [illegible] apologize. I've just seen Porter. My opinions of you have been wrong from the start. I've done you a grievous injustice and want to confess it."

"Why, Mr. Boone! . . . Oh, it's all right; for, after all, it wasn't so much your fault. I don't want you to think any more about it. Anybody's liable to be mistaken."

Blair could not help being consc[illegible] of the personality of this big man. A[illegible] what had happened he fel[illegible] hard it wa[illegible] [illegible] doing the magnanimous thing; but he didn't want to make this old man feel humiliated in any sense. Possibly Boone appreciated the young man's effort, for when he spoke again there was a different tone to his voice.

"I'm glad you look at it that way," he said. "Now head right away from this restaurant. You're coming out to my place for supper. Mazie sent me in to look you up!"

Boone paused to watch the effect his words had upon Blair and there was a decidedly noticeable effect. All the [illegible]hine of Blair's being showed in his [illegible] dreamily.

"I sort of [illegible] something to say to you," [illegible]

And there [illegible]ng twinkle in Ben Boone's [illegible]

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the regular medium and large [illegible] bottles at all drug stores.

Our President in War Time

President and Mrs. Wilson.

WASHINGTON [illegible] [illegible] of interest in the President [illegible] Washingtonian formerly stared [illegible] the Presidential motor car. Now he frowns. He wishes the President would not take chances.

President Wilson is quite aware of this changed sentiment of Washington and the country at large, and not since war was declared on April 6, 1917, has he tried to evade the White House body guard. Perhaps, if he had tried, it would have done him little good. Just now it is almost as hard to get out of the White House grounds as it is to get in them. Your average tourist who used to walk up to the White House door and modestly peep in, no longer can enter. The gates are kept locked, with the exception of the west gate, thru which visitors to the executive offices are admitted, and an intricate police system has been built up to guard the White House and [illegible]

There are two forces of guards [illegible] [illegible] the day, the other at [illegible] addition a body of sold[illegible] [illegible] from dusk until d[illegible] But [illegible] not all. An elaborate telephone and electrical system of protection has [illegible] about which no one outside of the force and the President himself know anything.

Cranks no longer are much trouble about the [illegible] House, th[illegible] rigid guard system, but [illegible] [illegible] possible [illegible] altho [illegible] made distinct [illegible] with oth[illegible]

Even [illegible] cannot [illegible] President [illegible] have [illegible] Tumulty [illegible] general of all [illegible]

[illegible] member [illegible] pointment [illegible] White House. By some [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] the nerve to keep [illegible] [illegible] peevish, but [illegible] kind of power he [illegible] respect. He's always on time himself, and you feel you must be, too."

Which serves to illustrate some of the Wilson ways. Mr. Wilson is punctual to the second. It is one of his characteristics to work and live like a clock, and for that his critics say he is more interested in ideas than in people. Yet it stands to reason that a man burdened with the cares of a nation, and not only of a nation but of the world, during the greatest epoch-making period in the world's history, necessarily must live with the greatest regularity.

His health is guarded zealously, and Admiral Grayson, his physician, is the only one of his entire official family that has unconditional and unmeasured entree to Mr. Wilson's presence. He watches over the physical condition of the President and his word is law with the executive. Even tho the President may be busily engaged in writing an important message or in solving problems of international importance, involving millions of [illegible] and billions of dollars, Dr. Grayson may order him to stop, if he believes the conditions warrant, and send him out for relaxation.

Most of the President's relaxation [illegible] taken out of doors, un[illegible] the weather [illegible] extremely inclement, and usually involves not only relaxation but exercise as well. The President is an inveterate golfer and plays even when snow is on the ground. He [illegible] of horseback [illegible] golfing, and derives [illegible] of exercise. [illegible] physical exer[illegible] President Wilson has adopted a [illegible] He retires at [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]

Even Candle Ends Help.

E[illegible] candle ends are [illegible] When [illegible] low to furnish [illegible] [illegible] saved [illegible] in [illegible] e of torn sa[illegible] will give the soldier on [illegible] service sufficient heat to [illegible] of water, make himself a [illegible] of tea or cocoa. And at midnight, with star shells bursting all around, a cup of tea br[illegible] this manner is a [illegible]

Broken Vows.

"I WONDER how many New Year's vows are right side up with care, [illegible] that a quarter of the year has about [illegible] ed Jimuelson. "Did you [illegible] like the rest of the boys on New Year's day?"

"I only registered one vow," said Fish[illegible] began to realize that the habit [illegible] dark blue language was gro[illegible] upon me, so I announced that I was going to cut out all off-color words, and, to [illegible] the vow binding, I told my wife I'd [illegible] her 10 cents every time she heard [illegible] out a word that wouldn't be [illegible] Sunday school teache[illegible]

During the first [illegible] days in January I was pretty [illegible] handing over small coins to Elizabeth and she said she [illegible] to feel like a cash register [illegible] sentiments in redhot terms that I learned to speak slowly and consider every word before I turned it loose, so that by the end of the month my wife [illegible] a dime on rare occasions, as when I whacked my nose against the [illegible] of a door in the dark or stepped on [illegible] or something like that.

"During the month of February Elizabeth [illegible]lected only 20 cents, and she [illegible]d rather discouraged, altho she insisted she was glad that I had overcome my besetting sin.

When the weather began to get springlike a couple of weeks ago I decided to put my auto in commission. It had been hibernating in the barn all winter. I had the battery charged and the tires pumped up and some oil squirted around where it would do the most good, and then one evening I took my wife and a bunch of females of the neighborhood for a little jaunt.

"When we started on that drive I was perfectly satisfied with myself and at peace with all the world. I had cut out the cursing habit for good and my conscience was perfectly comfortable. We traveled into the country, and on a nasty gravelly road I found we had a puncture in one of the rear tires. I got busy jacking up the axle while the women stood around saying it was a lovely evening and there was every indication of a fine tomorrow.

"Something was wrong with the jack, and the handle slipped and gave me a jolt that lifted me clear across the road. I was just going to say a few things when I caught my wife's eye eagerly fastened on me. She actually seemed hoping I would cut loose, but I may be doing her an injustice. Anyhow, I merely uttered a few denatured words and got busy again. The bolts and burrs holding the rim were all rusty, and it was a fierce job doing anything with them. And the rim was jammed onto the wheel so that it took me an hour to get it off.

"I had skinned my fingers and sprained a wrist and my knees were all lacerated from kneeling in the gravel, and I certainly was in a frame of mind when finally I got the punctured tire off and a sound one on. But I hadn't said a word that was unfit for the family circle, and my wife patted my back and said I was a wonder.

"Then we all climbed into the car and started off and we had traveled perhaps forty feet when I heard the ominous hissing that means a puncture. Say, the tire I had just put on was flat!

"My wife sat there with a piece of paper and a pencil keeping tab while I explained where I was at, and when we got home I had to cough up $4.80 in one package."

Rocking for Time.

A RICHMOND darky called upon an [illegible] friend who received him in a [illegible] chair. The visitor at once observed not only that his host did not [illegible] that he continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way, [illegible] to that of a person suffering [illegible]

"[illegible] ain't sick, is yo' Harrison?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

[illegible] silence, during [illegible] the caller [illegible] wide-eyed at the rocking [illegible]

[illegible] continued Mose [illegible] rock yo'self [illegible]

[illegible] oscilla[illegible]

[illegible] Bil[illegible] sold me a silver [illegible] an' ef I stops [illegible] dat watch don't go."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Catarrh Specialist Sproule made an offer [illegible] Catarrh Treatment in Boyce's W[illegible] all who [illegible] daily [illegible] says, "Your treatment worked [illegible] on me." Another writes, "I [illegible] entirely rid of the nasty Catarrh [illegible] And so the [illegible] telling of the [illegible] pressed has [illegible] the gratitude of [illegible] readers, that he [illegible] decided to make his offer again. On page [illegible] of this issue, you will find it. Read it all and then send for the Free Treatment.

What Women Are Doing in the War

What About the Farmerettes?

YOUNG farmerettes may make an attractive picture, but they would be of little value in stacking alfalfa or helping thrash wheat, according to Prof. H. C. Filley of the department of farm management of the University of Nebraska. He seems to believe that women will not be a great factor in solving the question of farm labor, and goes on to point out his reasons for this belief.

The typical farm woman, he tells us, is as busy as she can be, without assuming any new duties. She not only keeps house and rears a family, but usually tends the poultry and works with the garden. She is washerwoman, baker and dairy maid all in one, and has mighty little leisure time to devote to helping out her husband with the other farm work.

As for the young city girl, she is neither willing to undertake the farm work, nor would she be physically capable of it, even did she wish to do it; the life which the average city girl leads is not conducive to hard muscles, and the work of pitching hay would put Miss City-bred in the hospital for a week.

High school boys from the cities have been a source of farm labor. Many of these boys do good work, and become really efficient hands. The majority, however, have untrained muscles, and are ignorant of the simple but necessary things which every 10-year-old farm boy knows. Their first few weeks of farm work are hard, not only for them, but for the men who employ them. Yet, according to Professor Filley, the city can help in sending labor to the farm by releasing the thousands of men in the community who were bred on a farm, and are accustomed to heavy [illegible] believes that these men can be released by the simple expedient of cutting down on unnecessary enterprises, and sparing all labor for necessities.

Women's Medical Corps for Service Over There.

[illegible] has enrolled and [illegible] women physicians and surgeons from every part of the United States gathered in New York City, on March 25th, at a meeting the purpose of which was to raise funds to provide medical and surgical treatment for French children in France. It is the intention of the campaign organizers who represent the [illegible] Women's Hospitals to establish [illegible] dispensaries and hospitals in France and Serbia, conducted entirely by women.

Up to date, more than fifty women physicians, bacteriologists, anesthetists, dentists, radiographers and lay workers have been sent to these two countries for service under the Red Cross. These women, who are really the advance guard of what is hoped will some day be a great army of women medical workers, have come from all the States in the Union, from the ones farthest west to those in the Carolinas east, and are working in the common cause.

On leaving a certain Atlantic seaport for France, and on their report at Red Cross headquarters there for further duties or assignments, Dr. Rosalie S. Morton, who heads the organization, said:

"If we can get the backing of American women we can save those babies over there, whose fathers and mothers have been standing on the line for the sake of the rest of the world. It is the American women doctors' work, and we are asking the help and opinion of this country to 'put us across.'"

Women's Land Army.

THE Woman's Land Army of America, an organization like the one so widespread and successful in England, has been recommended for consideration of its system to the chairman in the New England States of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. It is believed that the plan will work out successfully where the farms are small and agriculture intensive.

The plan consists of placing women in units of ten to seventy. These women go out and work on a big farm, farm or group of farms, and hire themselves out for day or piece work. They are in charge of a forewoman and two or three assistants, who are taking care of feeding and housing the women; this no extra burden is placed on the farmer's wife.

For the most part, these squads of women are put through a three weeks' preparatory course, in which they acquire an elementary knowledge of implements and the work, and become accustomed to the physical strain. Last year several experiments with squads of this kind were tried in New York State and proved successful, especially for potato planting, fruit picking, packing and certain other forms of intensive agricultural work.

Some Do's and Don'ts for Knitters.

The picture tells why the sock was rejected. At every quarter-master's depot of the United States Army experts pass upon all socks intended for soldiers and sailors. Those with [illegible] will not suffer this fate.

FOR the benefit of those who are knitting socks for soldiers and sailors, here are a few don'ts and a few dos which experience has shown are not observed often enough:

Don't Cast on Tightly—In setting up a sock the casting on should never be done tightly. An otherwise well knitted sock may become useless by a tight cord at the top, which will finally break from the strain of forcing the foot thru. The minimum stretch of the mouth of a sock should be 6¼ inches, and it is wiser to have it stretch 7 or 8 inches.

Don't Knot Your Wool—Join the ends by running one end into the other with a darning needle for about six inches. Finish off threads on wrong side by running thread with darning needle thru a blank run of stitches in two or more opposite directions.

Don't Make a Heel With a Seam on the Sole—Remember, a man may not have a chance to change his socks for many days and a lump or knot brings a blister. If the blister breaks blood poisoning may set in and result in the loss of a foot or even a life. We cannot afford to lose our men thru negligence or ignorance.

Don't Fail to Make the Kitchener Toe—This has been proved to be the best toe for men in service.

Don't Use Needles Too Fine—The knitting should be elastic and loose; if too tightly knitted the wool becomes hard and felt-like from bad washing and sterilizing.

Don't Make Double Heels—The washing and sterilizing shrinks them in a hard felt-like lump.

Don't Make a Foot Less Than Ten Inches Long—The average sizes of 10½ to 11 are best. Use judgment in making proportions of sock correct—a leg suitable for size of foot and vice versa. People do not seem to realize that making a foot size 12 with leg and ankle suitable for a size 9 shows lack of judgment.

Don't knit bands of color into top of sock without first boiling the wool and rinsing. This is to set the color and prevent blood poisoning from color running. One can save much wool by using up odd bits of contrasting color in this way. The men love it as it helps them to match up their socks when washing, and they have a superstition that it is lucky and keeps them from being wounded.

And here are the dos:

Wash socks before turning them in. This should be done in warm water with Lux or Ivory soap and the rinsing should be in a light suds. Ironing is not necessary. Lay them on a flat radiator top and pat into shape and you will be surprised to find your sock looks 50 per cent better and feels softer.

Cast on loosely and count rows so that socks will mate when finished.

Turn sock lightly at point of gusset, if there is a hole there caused by needles not being held tightly together while knitting. Darning is always a better place that the sock is thin or stitches [illegible]

Saving War Babies With Jewel Fund.

CONSUELO, Duchess of Marlborough, [illegible] organization [illegible] the [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Duchess has raised [illegible] pounds [illegible] Ford [illegible] Mr. Winthrop.

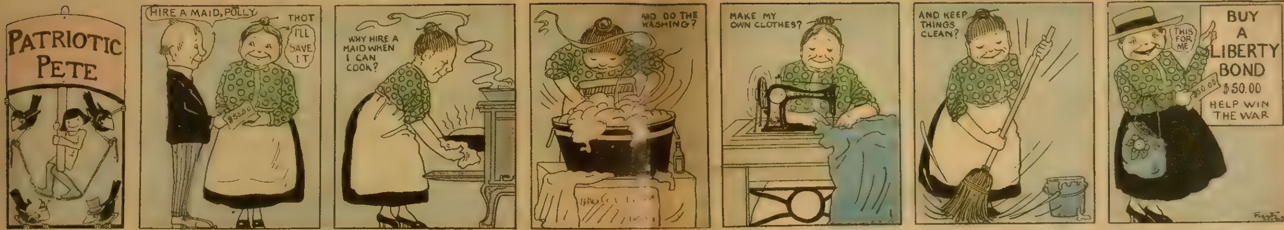
From the [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Morgan [illegible] worked indefatigably [illegible] Thru her own efforts [illegible] Duchess [illegible] Jewel [illegible] ment to establish a [illegible] maternity [illegible] the larger [illegible] £3,000 has been [illegible] money during the [illegible] bids fair to [illegible]

[illegible] looked after entirely by a staff of women physicians. Here, more than six [illegible] war began, [illegible] cared for Belgian refugees, [illegible] whose fathers are in the [illegible]

In speaking about women's part in the war she said:

"At present the women on whose labor the country must depend for munition work, for food and for replacing men in all kinds of manual labor must choose between going at home and risking [illegible] their babies or going out to work, leaving the babies to be cared for by any one who may happen to offer. Rather than do so, the children very often go [illegible] the trade has [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHICAGO LEDGER 17



POLLY PONDERS---

Pete to Polly fifty dollars paid,
Saying, "Go and hire a maid."
And smiling Polly took the money;
Thought she, "Well, I will save it, honey.

"For why hire some one else to work,
And do the things I do not shirk?
Why get a maid, when I can cook,
To prove it, at this bread just look.

"And I can do the washing too,
Rub out the clothes, the [illegible] things blue.
In this way I can save a lot
And keep that money in one spot.

"And as to sewing, I'm right there,
At making clothes, I am a bear
I always liked my clothes to make,
To brush, to sweep, to clean, to bake.

"Now with a broom, a mop and pail,
The dirt I fairly make to sail
Oh, I'm as busy as can be,
And happy, well, that person's me."

Then she the fifty dollars took
For a place to put it she did look
A Liberty Bond sign she did see,
And smilingly said, "This for me."

Reason Enough.

"Your honor," said the solicitor for the defense, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, turning again to the witness, "I'd like to know whose farm is next to yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "there's [illegible] on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?" [illegible] want you to tell this jury [illegible] for fourteen years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning [illegible]

The Beautiful Silence.

Traveling thru a new country in which a raw boom town had sprung up almost overnight, a drummer put up one [illegible] stepped [illegible] way to the ceiling. And in the stilly watches of the night he lay awake and listened to the finest demonstration of plain and fancy snoring that it had ever been his fate to hear. It was no straight-ahead affair, robust, monotonous, but full of sudden and awful variations. Sometimes strangulation seemed imminent, then in the middle of a fantasia the agony stopped suddenly, and there was silence. From far away down the [illegible] exclaim wearily: "Thank Heaven! He's dead!"

[illegible] last week [illegible]

Second O. B.—Naw! I jes' dropped roun' to see if they wus still in bizness!"

A Great Swindle.

"Grite swindle! Sixty victims! Piper! Extry speshul! Piper! Sixty victims! Grite swindle!"

[illegible] and landed in the white waistcoat of a city magnate.

"What's that I hear you shouting?" gasped the gentleman, as he recovered his wind. "Great swindle! Sixty victims?"

"Yessir! Piper, sir!"

The city magnate parted with his halfpenny.

"Hi, boy!" he shouted, as the youngster began to edge away. "I don't see any mention of a great swindle here."

"Quite right, sir," piped the [illegible] "That's the swindle. You're the sixty-first victim."

And while the disappointed [illegible] stood speechless on the pavement the newsboy darted off again, yelling:

"[illegible] speshul! Sixty-[illegible] Piper!"

Sweetly Expressed.

[illegible] the individual in question, she would express her feelings in such a quaint and [illegible] to lost.

[illegible] young Mr. Jenkins is," said a friend to her one day. "Do you know him, dearie, it's an education to listen to him talking."

"Yes," said gentle Mrs. Smith, "I have [illegible] and wittily for an hour at a stretch."

"Then when I met him," said Mrs. [illegible], with a sweet smile, "it must have [illegible]"

Husband (reading)—"When folks are freezing to death they have a delightful sensation of warmth."

[illegible] other week we stand a fair show of feeling warm in it."

An Uncalled for Truth.

Jenks—"Mr. Boob is calling, ma'am."

Lady—"Show him up, Jenks."

[illegible] he'll do it himself if given half a chance."—Judge.

Grasping the Idea.

The government had installed a telegraph line from Prejedor to Bihatch (Bosnia).

"What is the meaning of this wire?" asked the astonished inhabitants of a village thru which the line happened to pass.

"It is a telegraph," said the head man of the village, who had been in consultation with the officials [illegible] along the wire, straight from here to Stamboul."

[illegible] incredulous [illegible] is impossible. How can a message run along a wire?"

The head man thought a while, then he hit upon the proper explanation. [illegible] we pinched his tail here. Wouldn't he [illegible]

The villagers understood.

What Hubby Would Say.

[illegible] conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the subject of poker, when Congressman Richard W. Austin of Tennessee said he was reminded of a little incident along that line.

One night a friend called to see Jim Smith and found him playing poker with a bunch of bachelor friends. Bottles and [illegible] and cigar [illegible] ashes littered the parlor [illegible] Mrs. Smith was summering by the sea.

"Gee whiz, old man!" exclaimed the friend, sizing up the scenery. "What would you say were your wife to drop in here at this moment?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the calm rejoinder of Smith, as he handed the cigar box to the newcomer.

"What's that?" was the incredulous rejoinder of the other. "You wouldn't say anything!"

"No," answered Smith. "I'm rather inclined to believe that all the talking would be done by Mrs. Smith."

Mr. Blue Jay—"Gee, but Miss Hermit Thrush is a great singer!"

His Wife—"All right, if you think so. [illegible] her tail doesn't hang straight and she flats horribly."

"Are you a plain cook?"

"Well, [illegible] I don't spend [illegible] myself in no mirror."

Weather Note.

"What would happen if I were to come to your office on a bright sunny morning and ask you to lend me $50?" said the man who is always in difficulties.

"I can tell you [illegible] thrifty [illegible]

Revenge.

[illegible]

"He [illegible]

"I see where a fellow married a girl [illegible]

Diagonal Puzzle.

15

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A • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
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• • • • H
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This puzzle is solved by filling in the blank spaces with the words indicated by the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word; both the second rows are the same, etc.

1. The Mohammedan's name for God.
2. A girl's name.
3. Influenced by the [illegible]
4. A desert tribe.
5. Gruff.

Puzzle of the Iceman.

16—Every blank is to be filled with a word ending in ice.

At the [illegible] whom no one should accuse of —— or ——, put up a [illegible] with —— toward none, he would give good — to all without —— or ——. Accordingly [illegible] plied the politician with ——, the lawyer with ——, the doctor with a ——, the judge with —— the builder with a —— and a ——, the gambler and his —— in their den of ——, with ——, the bridal party with ——, the clergyman with —— the cat with ——, the drinker with ——, the geologist with ——, the woodman with —— The sailor with a ——, the dentist with a ——, the dressmaker with a ——, and no one with the ——. But with all his efforts to supply ice to ——, some people objected so strongly to —— ——, that they applied to the —— for —— regarding a ——, by which they might either push him into a —— or over a ——!

Geometrical Puzzle

17—With eight straight lines of the same length make six squares and four oblongs [illegible]

Drop-letter Rhomboid.

18—Fill out words to make fifteen words across and sixteen words downward, no word being repeated.

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 —EE—
  —EE
   —EE—
    —EE—
     —EE—
      —EE—
       —EE—
        —EE—
         —EE
          —EE
           —EE—
            —EE—
             —EE
              —EE
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ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

11. Diagonal Puzzle.

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H E E L S
E C L A T
E L I T E
L A T H E
S T E E L
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12. Double Word Puzzle

[illegible] cent. [illegible] idol [illegible] mean [illegible]

13. The Miller's Problem.

The miller ground one and one-[illegible] and received the one-ninth for toll.

14. Fractions

1—Omaha (O from Ohio and fractions from Macon and Hawaii). 2—St. Augustine (from St. Louis, August and Tarratine). 3—Ottawa (from Scott, Tay and Wabash). 4—Tennessee (from [illegible]). 5—M[illegible] (from Maine, Amazon and Iowa). 6—Mexico (from May, Texas and Porto Rico).

Had No Money.

When Lloyd George was a young country solicitor in Wales he was riding home [illegible] one day, and came upon a little girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a ride. She accepted [illegible] and all the way along [illegible] the future statesman tried to engage her in conversation he could not get [illegible] "Yes" or "No."

[illegible] mother happened to meet Mr. Lloyd George [illegible] "you remember [illegible] little girl riding with you the other day? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma, I rode from school with Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer [illegible] Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer [illegible] you whenever you talk with him, and I hadn't any money.'"

Hadn't Replied.

For some hours the [illegible] on the bank [illegible]

A stranger [illegible] watching him for some time. At last he went up to the old man and asked casually:

"How are fish in these parts?"

The old fisherman rebaited his hook, threw it back into the water and then turned calmly to his questioner.

"Well," [illegible] no reply yet."

High Finance.

[illegible] President—"This plan of [illegible] sation [illegible] credit."

The Director—"Also it does [illegible] itors."

According to Evidence.

Mrs. Bilson (sentimentally)—"It's love that makes the world go 'round."

Mr. Bilson (a lawyer)—"No wonder it gets dizzy."

Could Move the Garage

"Wife, I've ordered a portable garage."

"Good enough. Now when the [illegible] breaks down we needn't leave it exposed to the weather [illegible]"

What's your name, little girl."

"Miss Susie Jones at present."

[illegible] get [illegible]

Blink—"What were they?"

Gink—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

An Aristocratic Cow.

It all [illegible] store where [illegible] gone for some liniment to rub on his cow's bad leg. The bungling grocer gave the old farmer, however, [illegible] instead of liniment.

The [illegible] the farmer [illegible]

"Look here," [illegible] to the grocer, "I [illegible] would be more careful how you chuck things over that counter. You gave me eau de Cologne yesterday, instead of liniment, an' I'd put it on the blessed cow before I knowed."

"I hope it hasn't done her any harm," said the grocer [illegible]

"Harm be hanged," [illegible] the farmer [illegible]

Looked Suspicious

[illegible] Jinks [illegible] chuck one or more of his [illegible]

Half the Pleasure

Mrs. Exe—"But don't you and your husband take your vacation together?"

[illegible] we wouldn't have anything to tell each other when we got home."

Stage Fright.

Anybody who has ever suffered from stage fright [illegible] following [illegible] tale.

[illegible]

A smile could be felt [illegible] of——" He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbol is the housework——"

An audible snigger spread over the audience.

[illegible] he mopped his perspiration, [illegible] his teeth and made a fresh start [illegible] himself again.'

He gazed serenely around. The [illegible] nose.

Injured Pride.

Martha had been so naughty that the punishment [illegible] thought it too severe, and decided the [illegible]

A Lasting Meal.

"Madam, can't you give [illegible] I haven't had a mouthful for two days."

"[illegible]"

Broker—"Want more pay? [illegible] only hired you an hour ago."

[illegible] beans have gone up five points [illegible] than."

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

No great man needs a brass band

[illegible] most exclusive circles—silver dollars

Point of view sometimes blunts the intellect

Matrimony is an optical institute for the blind

To the traveler the best guide is a check book

One kind of charity always has a card attached to it.

The intellectual type of beauty is heard but not seen.

No, George, a divorce isn't the funny part of married life.

Love does not laugh at the smith who [illegible]

[illegible] Young folks in the country often make [illegible]

Patience enables a man to walk, but it's usually a long walk.

A double wedding might properly be called a four-in-hand tie.

Lots of women haters are afraid to mention it to their wives

Nearly all beautiful things are expensive—including woman.

A woman's vanity is never due to the compliments of other women.

Men who command the most respect have the least thought of self

A man is always known by the company that refuses to keep him.

Saying nothing at the right time is equivalent to saying the right thing.

The apple of a man's eye is usually a "peach," paradoxical as it may sound.

Hubby and wifey seldom agree as to the merits of a handsome housemaid

There is always something coming to you that we should like to see side-[illegible]

To make water taste better than champagne eat salt fish about three hours before imbibing.

A poet's memory may be fickle, but his thoughts often come back to him—if he incloses a stamp.

If some folks were to think twice before speaking, their remarks would be postponed indefinitely.

Many a married man shows his years more than a single man because he has to carry a few of his wife's.

It takes three generations to make a gentleman, but the rule fails to work when the third generation is a girl

A Western poet refers to a mole on a pretty woman's face as a "tear drop petrified by its own audacity." Any man with an imagination like that ought to give up poetry and peddle ice

YOUR KITCHEN IN WAR TIME

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

THE whole great problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing—the loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food. It is not a Government responsibility, it is the responsibility of each individual. Each pound of food saved by each American citizen is a pound given to the support of our Army, the Allies, and the friendly neutrals. Each pound wasted or eaten unnecessarily is a pound withheld from them. It is a direct personal obligation on the part of each of us to some one in Europe whom we are bound to help.

If we are selfish or even careless, we are disloyal—we are the enemy at home. Now is the hour of our testing. Now is the hour of our victory—victory over ourselves, victory over the enemy of freedom.—Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator.

No Wheat Flour Needed.

FOLLOWING are some recipes for various dishes calling for no wheat flour:

APPLE AND CORNMEAL PUDDING—Scald a quart of milk, add half a cup of cornmeal, cook for half an hour, add a teaspoonful each of salt and ginger and half a cup of molasses. Butter a buttered baking dish, stirring constantly, for an hour. Then add two cups of peeled, cored and sliced apples and three cups of cold milk. Bake and serve with cream or with pudding sauce.

FRUIT MUFFINS—Cook a cup of cornmeal in one cup of milk, to which a teaspoonful of salt has been added, for five minutes. Cool and add two cups of baking powder. Beat thoroly and add half a cup of cream and half a cup each of raisins and dried currants. Bake in well-greased muffin tins.

[illegible] good recipe for Boston brown bread [illegible] thoroly two cups of [illegible] [illegible] gives a teaspoon of soda in two tablespoons of boiling water. Add this to three cups of cornmeal and a cup of molasses, and add all the liquids to the meal and flour. Stir well, adding a teaspoon of salt, and divide into a greased mold. This will fill a two-quart mold. Steam for five hours, then take off the cover from the mold and bake for twenty minutes.

CORN DODGERS—Pour a cup and a half of boiling water on two cups of cornmeal. Add half a teaspoon of salt and a quarter of a cup of fat, or butter substitute. Then add three tablespoons of milk and two beaten eggs. The eggs and milk should be added after mixture is cool. Mix well, and drop by teaspoonfuls on greased tins. Bake for twenty minutes in quick oven.

Saving on Pastry.

IF YOU want to save food, read this recipe for conservation pastry:

Three-quarters cup of rye flour, three-quarters cup of white flour, one-half teaspoon salt, four tablespoons drippings, three-eighths of a cup of water, four tablespoons oleomargarine.

Mix and sift dry ingredients, and work in dripping or other shortening with tips of fingers. Mix to a dough with cold water. Toss on floured cloth and knead gently for one minute. Pat with rolling pin and roll out to a long rectangular piece. Wash the oleomargarine in cold water, put it into a smooth round cake, and place on the middle of one-half of the long side of the dough. Fold over the oleomargarine and press the edges firmly together. Then fold one end of the pastry over the oleomargarine and fold the other end under the oleomargarine. Turn the pastry half way around, pat with rolling pin, lift gently if the dough does not stick to the cloth, and roll again into long rectangular piece

Two Fish Dishes.

PUT bit of butter about the size of an English walnut into saucepan. Drain the water from a can of peas and add next. Let heat slowly, then add the water from two cans shrimp, cutting the shrimp into small pieces, and add to peas. Have ready four hard boiled eggs, slice these into thin rings, stir all together and cook briskly for five minutes. Season liberally with salt and pepper. Have a layer of split thin crackers on the serving platter, pour mixture over them while hot and serve.

OYSTER CHOWDER—Fry three or four onions in a tablespoon of butter or grease; a quart of diced potatoes with enough boiling water to cover them; when nearly done put in a pint of oysters; heat a pint of rich milk and put in when done. Season to taste. If preferred a can of clams may be added [illegible]

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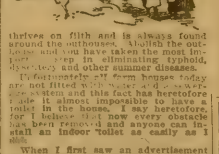
Outdoor Closet a Menace

My Experience With An Indoor Chemical Toilet.

By ALLEN C. SMITH.

I HAVE [illegible] considered the old-[illegible] outdoor toilet the great-[illegible] and [illegible] happiness and [illegible] on the farm. I can still [illegible] back [illegible] and how I marveled at a modern bath room and [illegible] conveniences in the city. I had always determined when I had a house of my own that the first thing to do in would be a bath room with a toilet in it. How thankful I was to get out of the city and how I always put off as long as possible entering it. Now I actually believe that my health was affected and that today the [illegible] of thousands of children is affected by the dread of going out to the outdoor toilet, especially [illegible] or in the rain or [illegible] conditions of nature should not be denied, but we can hardly blame a child for hating to leave a warm room, in the dark especially, and going out to a cold, dreary, foul-smelling outhouse with the winds whistling through the cracks and snow filling on the seat and floor. It is really a choice of two evils —going out in the cold and wet and catching pneumonia or staying in and being poisoned by the toxins that should be eliminated from the body.

Now that warm weather is coming on it is especially desirable to eliminate the insanitary outdoor toilet. It is a fact well known to medical science that typhoid fever is transmitted solely by human waste. That is why the disease is one of the small towns and rural communities rather than the larger cities, for in the cities all waste is disposed of by sewers and the drinking water purified. In the country on the other hand the sewerage system is the well and the typhoid fever germ thus distributed. Flies also carry it to food. The fly



thrives on filth and is always found around the outhouses. Abolish the outhouse and you have taken the most important step in eliminating typhoid, "white plague" and other diseases.

Unfortunately all farm houses today are not fitted with [illegible] conveniences, often a [illegible] heretofore made it almost impossible to have a toilet in the house. I say heretofore, for I believe that now every obstacle has been removed and anyone can install an indoor toilet as easily as I did.

When I first saw an advertisement of an indoor chemical toilet I was skeptical as to its merits, but upon the closest possible examination I found that it did really solve the toilet problem for the farmer or villager.

In construction the [illegible] as simple as possible. It consists of an outside case of wood with a metal retort or container in the inside. They are well and strongly built, attractive in appearance and stay fitting. After installation I placed a chemical solution that liquefies and deodorizes human waste. There is no odor whatever from the toilet. This chemical is a very strong disinfectant and kills all germs as well as odors.

They are simple and easy to install—not as much trouble as putting up a stove. They can be installed in a corner of a room surrounded by a curtain, or in a closet, bath-room, hall way under a stair way, in the basement, in fact anywhere in the house, as they are absolutely sanitary.

The indoor chemical toilet has been highly indorsed by the United States Health Service and by various state boards of health as well. While visiting the Kaw-Near factory I personally saw letters of indorsement from the Kansas State Board of Health, the Missouri State Board, that of Arkansas and from many others. All these indorsements were given before a most rigid test, too. I saw where the United States Government had ordered them for use in its forest [illegible] and had bought many after careful tests.

With these tests before me it did not take me long to order a Kaw-Near Chemical Toilet and I have not yet been sorry I did so. It has given all of us a good deal of comfort and proved to be better than advertised—has been of practically no expense to operate and has filled its every purpose.

I would not hesitate to recommend the purchase of a Kaw-Near Cabinet, as I am not only more than pleased with the cabinet myself, but was most favorably impressed with the men behind the company. They have a modern factory and the company is backed by some of the best known and substantial business men of Kansas City. I really believe that the residents of the rural communities and S. O. Young, president and general manager of the company, a debt of gratitude, for it is largely through him that the indoor toilet has come into its own. He has worked hard to perfect a toilet and a chemical that would "deliver the goods," and spent lots of money preaching the gospel of sanitary toilets and the dangers of unlawful sickness he had had. Any information he can give you he will be glad to give, and a letter addressed to him will receive his personal attention. If you have no indoor toilet and don't enjoy a good one, get a Kaw-Near Cabinet quick. You wouldn't be without it at any cost after owning one a week.

ODORLESS INDOOR TOILET

Placed in Your Home

Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL

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No more outside back yard nuisances. Banish disease germs overnight. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. Prevents filth and disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Write for booklet.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to Operate per Person.

Place in any room, hall or basement. Handsomely finished, [illegible] sanitary and [illegible] Write for free booklet. Agents wanted. Exclusive territory. Big money for hustlers.

KAW-NEAR CABINET CO.

916 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

IS SHE A GERMAN SPY?

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Read This First

KEENEYES, a famous detective, has been sent by the United States Government to assist the federal agent Ormsby in guarding a new secret, which, revealed in the little town of X——, is working on an invention—the "Government Secret." Ormsby at once orders Keeneyes to shadow a beautiful girl, named Margaret Barley, who Ormsby asserts is a German spy. Keeneyes trails the girl out into the country to a rendezvous with a couple of movers—Jack Daws and a girl they call Lizette. These "movers" imprison him in a subterranean chamber under a deserted barn. He escapes and makes his way back to X——, to the house in which Ormsby and the Inventor are quartered. Upon arrival at the house Keeneyes eyes discovers a lighted bomb. He extinguishes it and reports the matter to Ormsby. The latter is agitated, and on learning that Keeneyes has allowed Margaret Barley to escape angrily denounces the detective and dismisses him. Keeneyes returns to his hotel. The Inventor Lindenwait, having overheard the conversation between Ormsby and Keeneyes, calls on the latter at his hotel. Keeneyes points out his reasons for suspecting Ormsby of treachery, and disguising himself, he returns with the Inventor to the latter's home. In the course of the night he comes upon Ormsby in the front yard in conference with the hotel clerk, Bliggs, in which the latter warns Ormsby that the man in disguise is planning to trap him. Bliggs' departure, Keeneyes promptly takes Ormsby prisoner.

If you wish to read the story in full you may obtain back copies of the Ledger from our agents, newsdealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 14, dated April 6.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIRROR TEST.

BY THE light of the lantern, Keeneyes the detective and the mysterious young Inventor sat gazing at their prisoner. Each was thinking the same thought: How could this prisoner, this Ormsby who had posed as a Government agent, be lodged in the town of X—— without [illegible] as a German spy? To do that would be to inform the village that the secret kept in the Old House Thompson place was not a Government secret, which was precisely what it was necessary to keep hidden from the public. Yet to keep Ormsby loose was unthinkable.

Presently Ormsby, disturbed by the silence, spoke: "Have you taken down all I have said?"

Keeneyes scanned his notebook and answered, "I have three words. I hope for more; I feel something of importance."

"Ask me questions."

"No, no. As State's evidence it is for you to make a clean breast of everything."

"I have told you that Margaret Barley is at the head of our activities."

"Yes."

"And that I engaged you to follow her because I knew she couldn't do it, which would give me a chance to fire you."

"Just so."

"Yet you say," cried Ormsby, "that you have written only three words!"

"Just three, my dear Mr. Ormsby, just three."

The Inventor roused himself. "What have you written, Mr. Detective?"

Keeneyes read aloud from his notebook: "Probably two lies."

Ormsby said nothing, but his eyes flashed luminously.

The Inventor smiled, then said, "But, Mr. Zellers, what do you advise?"

"I have been talking," replied Keeneyes, "and so now is to attract Mr. Ormsby's attention while I do something else."

"Yes, namely, that you have been carrying experiments for Government [illegible] which is of a dangerous character, and that you intend to [illegible] Ormsby, and I [illegible] federation also [illegible] more than two. Besides, he would [illegible] The only thing, if his arms were [illegible] but, pardon, he couldn't get out."

He frowned in anxious thought, adding, "I should most certainly wish to keep his imprisonment a secret if possible. Is there [illegible] to the [illegible] I know anything about the [illegible] in the stable in the [illegible] with its [illegible] running down to the creek bank?"

Ormsby growled, "I don't know what you're talking about, curse you!"

"You see," said Keeneyes to the Inventor, "he knows all about it. If he did, I should feel [illegible], for he's as sharp as it is possible for a spy to be. If he hadn't known, he'd never [illegible] to question him. Well, it's too bad, but we must think of something else. Possibly Miss Margaret Barley might suggest something."

Not likely, returned the Inventor, "since she's his ally."

[illegible] you would [illegible] if I left you for an hour or two? You are quite helpless, and you are well armed. Of course he's an awfully slippery individual, but if I could find Miss Barley—"

"I don't like the idea of being left here alone with him," the Inventor admitted, "but I don't [illegible] manage him quite comfortably; but, you see, we don't know how many confederates he has—they may be in the yard at this moment. Personally, I'm not afraid. But I am bound to be afraid for the secret, because it is the Government's secret."

"You are right. Then the only thing to do is to remove the secret from this house, after which we will turn over Mr. Ormsby to the authorities. Would the removal involve much labor or time?"

The Inventor reflected. Ormsby watched the young man, a sinister gleam in his eyes—an expression which was not lost upon Keeneyes.

"I think, Mr. Lindenwait, we had not better discuss our project further in the presence of this rascal," the Inventor suggested. "It doesn't matter," the Inventor assured him. "Unfortunately, this traitor [illegible] to discuss with you. The conditions are [illegible]."

Again Keeneyes noticed the subtlight in the [illegible] eyes. Of what was [illegible] What did he meditate? [illegible] continued:

"I have in a certain room in this house [illegible] quantity of material which I have been devoting to experimental purposes. This material, ordinary enough in itself, might give us trouble if found, because I have assembled in the same room certain substances which ordinarily are not supposed to go together. It occurs to me that by destroying all this matter—building a fire in the furnace and consuming the bulk of it, and throwing the heavier metals into the creek—we can remove all evidences of my discoveries. Then I shall go to another scene of activity, buy these things again, and go to work. Of course, it will be expensive. But the difficulties of moving secretly are not to be overcome."

Keeneyes nodded his approval, and asked: "But are there no telltale clews of all you have accomplished?"

"Unluckily I have not accomplished a great amount. Yet I have made several extraordinary discoveries of certain combinations [illegible] to record my progress. I did so in a little notebook, a very inconspicuous little affair, [illegible] drawer in my desk."

Are you perfectly sure this [illegible] doesn't know of that drawer?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Well, I am not. [illegible] notebook, and I [illegible] manifest uneasiness.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Detective, no one knows of the existence of that notebook but the three in this room; and two of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

balderdash. Do [illegible] going to fall for your third deg[illegible]

Keeneyes [illegible] to the Inventor, [illegible] pay any [illegible] when I gi[illegible] delightfully [illegible]

Then to the prisoner, the detective propounded this question:

"Did you give the notebook to Lucile—Ready?"

The [illegible] Keeneyes touched [illegible] the point of [illegible] "No!"

The Inventor proffered the mirror.

Keeneyes shook his head. "It isn't necessary for me to examine the vapor of that negative answer," he said. "It was [illegible] first, that any listen[illegible] have noticed it."

[illegible] explained. "That's be[illegible] red of these foolish [illegible]

[illegible] attention to him," said Keeneyes [illegible] Please [illegible] ready [illegible]

The detective walked up and down the room several times while Ormsby followed him without moving his head. At last he returned to the couch and asked:

[illegible] notebook in the [illegible] clerk—Ready!"

[illegible]

Did you [illegible] session of Jack [illegible]

[illegible] the prisoner [illegible] And he uttered [illegible] examining the mirror. "Jack Daws has [illegible] notebook. Ormsby gave it to him. It is written here by his breath on the surface of the mirror—the mirror that cannot lie."

The Inventor stared at Keeneyes to learn whether he was joking, but the detective appeared perfectly serious. For a few moments there was absolute silence in the room. Then it was broken by loud and angry oaths from the prisoner.

"[illegible] idiocy!" he stormed. "Such fraud! You, a reputable detective, to go thru this child's play with a looking-glass, as if I were an infant to be scared by such balderdash!"

Keeneyes smiled.

"You had a suspicion," the prisoner [illegible] book (which I [illegible] somebody you [illegible]

"Well, whoever he is, you think he's in league with me. And you expect me to be frightened into a confession by your dashed looking-glass. I tell you I never heard of Jack Daws, so couldn't have given him the notebook, which I never saw."

"Now," said Keeneyes to the Inventor, "hadn't we better hurry up with the destruction of any telltale signs before we turn over this rogue to the police? Don't pay any attention to his protestations. The mirror has convicted him. Of course, by ear we could detect the voice of his denials; but the mirror sl[illegible] breath—the catc[illegible] name 'Jack Daws.' [illegible] stupefied. Then he [illegible] a frightened, blusterl[illegible] See the voice-writi[illegible] convicts him. But we [illegible] waste. It's evident th[illegible] villain as thi[illegible] of Ormsby, [illegible] complices."

"But who is Jack D[illegible]" the Inventor [illegible]

[illegible] do not know."

The Inventor shook his head.

"It sounds to me," cried the [illegible] with a forced laugh, "like an [illegible] name—a sort of story-book na[illegible]"

"Don't listen to [illegible] "The rogue will [illegible] innocence in spite of your better judgment, if you do! Shall I guard him while you destroy your properties, or will you need me to assist you?"

"Watch him carefully," said the Inventor, "and when I need you, I'll call."

Accordingly the detective was left alone with the prisoner.

CHAPTER VIII.

MURDER.

THE Inventor went to his private apartment and made up a white hot fire in his furnace. Then he burned up everything connected with his inventions that was of a combustible nature. The metals he melted and fused into big shapeless masses. At last he came for the detective.

"All traces of my work have now been removed," he said, "except the lumps of metal. I have disposed of all but one bar—it has run into the shape of a rude bar—and I can't lift it alone. I'd not like to leave it to be found, because whoever has my notebook in his possession would instantly understand, at sight of this metal bar, what my next step would have been."

"Prepare a place for its disposition," Keeneyes ordered, "and have it so arranged that when I come to help you, [illegible] possible time will be needed, since I do not want this villain out of [illegible] can be helped."

The Inventor [illegible] away and did not come back for nearly half an hour; h[illegible] in the garden, [illegible] Keeneyes was up [illegible]

"Come," h[illegible] It is possible you do not [illegible] so [illegible] he went [illegible] a run. Out into [illegible] Keeneyes and the Inventor carried the heavy bar of iron which the Inventor had formed by melting some of his metals. The hole for the concealment of the bar had already been dug. They dropped the bar into this excavation, covered over the metal as hurriedly as possible, and scattered leaves and twigs over the spot. All this [illegible] handful of [illegible] Keeneyes

Mystified

Old [illegible] says that he
Knows much less than you [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
He has read so many books
That he knows jes' by its look
What [illegible]
And what [illegible] as folks [illegible]
But Doc says he doesn't know
How to plow nor how to mow
Nor to make a cow stand still
[illegible]
[illegible] too,
Like their dads an' mothers do,
Nor to measure human grief
An' find way for its relief—
Science, Doc says, cannot lend
Comfort like some faithful friend,
Ready for a helpful part—
Speakin' simply from the heart.

That's the way he runs along.
What he says is never wrong;
It's no use to make a fuss.
Doc, he's jes' too deep fur us!

—*Washington Evening Star.*

said. "Now [illegible] to Ormsby's room as fast as possible."

They had [illegible] from Ormsby's bedroom [illegible] Lindenwait exclaimed. No night!

It was too true. The light of the lantern had been extinguished. And yet their prisoner had [illegible] bound. Keeneyes [illegible] companion's arm [illegible]

"Be careful!" he whispered. "A knife may be reaching out for us in the dark."

On tiptoe they approached Ormsby's apartment. Once inside, Keeneyes swiftly closed [illegible] the door, [illegible] ing but the [illegible] were waiting to spring upon them. Then he pressed the spring of his electric torch and flashed his light upon the bed. The Inventor uttered a cry of horror.

Ormsby, his arms and legs still tied, had been murdered. The blood still issued from the wound in his breast. He had been stabbed [illegible] ger lay beside the rigid form.

"Telephone for the authorities," said the detective briefly. "Touch nothing in this room."

However, he took up the lantern and relighted it. As Lindenwait, white and agitated, was leaving the room, he uttered an exclamation. At his feet, near the door, lay a blood-stained handkerchief.

"Don't pick it up," Keeneyes warned him. "Take the lantern with you till the other lights are on. I advise you to [illegible] as possible. But [illegible] telephone [illegible]

It was not long before the sheriff and several men sworn in as deputies had [illegible] To these, everything [illegible] was explained. Lindenwait [illegible] his [illegible] services in the interests of the Government, and Ormsby was revealed as a German spy. No secret was made of the destruction that had been consummated by means of the [illegible] Nothing, however, was said about the missing notebook, nor did Keeneyes tell all of the strange adventures he had passed thru that night.

As soon as the men of the law were [illegible] Keeneyes made a thoro examination of the room. Naturally the first object to be minutely scrutinized was the [illegible] handkerchief [illegible] the Inventor had almost stepped upon. It was a lady's handkerchief, and two initials were embroidered in a corner of it. These initials were "M. B." To the others [illegible] N[illegible] they told nothing. But it was impossible for Keeneyes to keep from reflecting that they exactly fitted the young woman Ormsby had set him to watch on his arrival in N——, the mysterious, beautiful girl Margaret Barley.

The Inventor had heard him speak of Margaret Barley to the dead man, and his interest had been roused in her at the description of her beauty. He, too, thought of Margaret Barley, as soon as he saw those initials, but a warning look from the detective prevented him from speaking the name aloud.

Of course, no time was lost in seeking traces of the murderer or murderers. The ground around the big building was minutely examined, the sheriff and his men searching the premises thoroly, while Keeneyes was devoting his attention to the deathroom. [illegible] outdoor exploration, only one person was successful in unearthing a [illegible] man was the sheriff himself.

[illegible] changed gate the sheriff had discovered, in the long grass, a slipper. The toe of this lady's slipper [illegible] and was found still [illegible] part of a front walk leading up to the porch. Apparently the wearer of this slipper, [illegible] had had the slipper torn from her foot, and had been in such haste that she had made no effort to recover it. Or, possibly [illegible] she had not been [illegible] had lacked the opportu[illegible] make a search for [illegible] hypothesis suggested that the owner of this slipper was connected with the murder of, indeed, she were not the [illegible]

Among those who gathered around this [illegible] when was not at first unearthed, was the night clerk of the N[illegible] Hotel. Little suspecting that Keeneyes had overheard him in low tones conspiring with the dead Ormsby, the night clerk was equally unaware that the detective who stood gravely at his side was his hotel guest in disguise, the very one concerning whom he had come to Ormsby at midnight to utter his warning.

Biggs (the night clerk) had seen Keeneyes leave the hotel with Lindenwait, and Ormsby had declared his belief that Keeneyes was under the assumed name of 'Japes.' But Keeneyes had already advised the Inventor to call him simply 'Mr. Deal,' and this had completely thrown the night clerk off his guard against Keeneyes.

Biggs now took the lady's slipper in his hand and said impressively: "Gentlemen, I have seen this slipper before."

There was a general movement of astonishment.

"Yes. As you see, it is quite noticeable. The silver buckle is such as to be easily recognizable. And I do recognize it. [illegible] the owner of this slipper is stopping at my hotel. And, upon my word, I have already found her a very strange and mysterious woman. She comes and goes at all hours of the night and I doubt if she's in her room [illegible] She pretends to be a map canvasser. She tries to sell those maps [illegible] in my opinion."

"What's her name?" Keeneyes asked, [illegible]

"Miss Margaret Bar[illegible]"

"Good heavens!" the sheriff exclaimed. [illegible] the initials on that handkerchief!"

There was a general exclamation of, "M. B."

"Yes, M. B. evidently Margaret Barley."

"We must arrest her immediately," the sheriff cried. "Some of you fellows stay here till the coroner comes. I'll attend to that young woman."

"We'll go with you," Keeneyes volunteered [illegible] himself and the Inventor.

[illegible] Keeneyes [illegible] Margaret Barley. As [illegible] Keeneyes [illegible]

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but he felt sure that this was on account of the intense excitement under which Bliggs was laboring; an excitement that might naturally be explained by the grewsomeness and mystery of the murder of Ormsby. Not long since, Bliggs and Ormsby had been in most intimate conversation at the door of the very house in which Ormsby had later been found stabbed to the heart. Of course, he would be terribly wrought upon by this discovery. But after a while the novelty of the night's tragedy would wear away; then Bliggs would begin to suspect that the man he had found in the house with the Inventor was the same man who had left his hotel in the Inventor's society—in short, Keeneyes. Keeneyes was anxious for Bliggs not to put two and two together while he was [illegible] the scene.

"We are going upon a perfectly useless errand," he whispered to Lindenwait. "You may be quite sure Miss Margaret Barley is not at the X—— Hotel, waiting for us to come to arrest her."

"Then you feel sure she is guilty and has fled?"

"Nothing of the sort. But I do think if she is found, it will delay the discovery of the [illegible]. And I fear if I remain, the German spies will begin to work against me; for they think I know more than I should of their movements. As for you, if you are to pursue your inventions for the benefit of the Government, you should by all means be able to slip away to some scene where your presence could not be suspected."

"Indeed, yes!" Lindenwait agreed with [illegible]. "But what can I do?"

"Would you be willing to put yourself under my guidance?"

"Of course. I have perfect confidence in you. And if—"

"You have perfect confidence in me," Keeneyes interposed; "then please don't [illegible]."

"I was only about to say——"

"You were about to say that if I could spirit you away from this place, it would fall in with your wishes."

"Yes."

"Very well. Then you and I will disappear."

[illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] wouldn't it look rather dark, right on top of the murder? We were the first to find the dead body. People would think——"

"Exactly. That's what I desire of all things. Let them suspect us; it will give [illegible] thinking the [illegible]

Use Your Head in the Kitchen

"WHAT do you suppose?" shrilled Sarah Scarey to Mrs. E. Conomic, "it's just awful—our family have been eating barley flour in breads and biscuits and we've all gotten a rash from it."

"A rash—from barley. Why what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. If barley's going to undermine our health I guess we——"

"Sarah, be sensible. Why, look at the Scotch and the English—they've always eaten barley and they are as healthy as they make 'em. By the way, how much barley have you been using?"

"Oh, I've been using nothing but barley. I haven't bought any other substitutes 'cause I didn't want to bother learning how to cook them. We haven't had much else."

"Well, no wonder you have a rash! If you eat any cereal constantly you'll get one. Buy a variety of substitutes and learn how delicious they are! Sprinkle oatmeal and cornmeal cookery in with your barley breads. You don't deserve health if you can't use your head. Your [illegible] can be assorted and save at the same time."

has been lost; and that will give me an opportunity to run them down."

Lindenwait saw the wisdom in these words. Nevertheless he hesitated.

"That is true," he said, "but if we try to slip away—and are caught in the act, or if we are discovered after we have reached your hiding-place, don't you see it would be pretty dark for us?"

"Maybe so. But they'll not find us. Come—it has to be done now if at all. I have leaped to a conclusion, an inference, a theory—what you will—that tells me my life isn't safe in X—— until morning."

After swift but distressed cogitation, Lindenwait put his hand upon the detective's arm. He whispered, "I am with you. Lead the way."

They were nearing the first block of the village, at the corner where the main-traveled country road crossed the foot of the main village street. The night clerk was in the lead, closely followed by the sheriff and two of his deputies. Only the light from several swinging lanterns showed the ground underfoot. The sky was an impenetrable black vault.

Suddenly Keeneyes stopped short, and naturally Lindenwait, whose hand still rested upon the detective's shoulder, was brought to a standstill. The rest of the party, not missing them, proceeded down the street. The [illegible] and the light of their lanterns.

"Now," Keeneyes said. "For the present, keep your hand upon my arm."

He led the way. With swift steps they circled the village and took a country road with which Keeneyes had good reason to be familiar, for it was along this road [illegible] followed Margaret Barley.

Presently it [illegible] village of X—— in their rear. They drew near the woods.

They were now at the spot where Keeneyes had seen the mysterious camp fire burning. Only blackened ashes told where the spot had been. The tent was gone, the covered wagon and the horses had disappeared. Jack Daws and the young woman he had called "Lucile" were no longer camping beside the road.

"Just so," [illegible] Keeneyes.

As the Inventor knew nothing about the campers, of course he did not understand this [illegible] exclamation; but he did not seek its cause since he was deeply engrossed with his own reflections.

"You are armed, I presume?" Keeneyes asked.

The other started, then answered in the affirmative.

"Good! Keep your hand on your gun and follow me."

He led the way thru the woods toward the creek that flowed not very far away. In due time they came to the barn which he had such good reason to recognize.

Keeneyes murmured, "I think I have found you a safe hiding-place."

Inside the barn, he closed the door, then lighted his electric torch.

The building was deserted. To make this [illegible], they examined the loft as well as the [illegible] under the floor. Not only was the barn deserted, but the box of bombs that had once stood upon the trapdoor had been removed.

Keeneyes [illegible] to Lindenwait: "It will be necessary for me to leave you. [illegible] I shall return in the morning. In the meantime I want your most sacred promise that whatever may happen, you will reveal to no living man [illegible] to this place with you. It must not be known that I am a friend of yours."

"Of course, I promise."

"I have your word of honor to that effect?"

"Certainly," was the rather impatient response.

"Very good. And now, where would you rather hide? In this big room or in the cellar under the floor? If you would prefer the cellar, I will close this trapdoor after you and hide it with boards and trash in such a way that nobody will suspect a trapdoor is there."

The Inventor shook his head decidedly.

"That might be," he said, "but the people who put the trapdoor there, or who have [illegible] it, would know it is still there. And they would have me like a [illegible] in a cage if they came back."

"Not precisely. In the first place, they know their hiding-place has been discovered and they are not likely, therefore, to return here. If they should

there is a means of escape from that cage."

And Keeneyes explained about the boxed-up piping that led from the bottom of the [illegible] to the [illegible]. Lindenwait, however, did not by any means relish the idea of being caught where he would have to attempt an escape in that manner.

"Very well," the detective rejoined. "You still have your choice of staying down here or of hiding in the loft. To be sure, there is little hay up there, but you would have the advantage of being above anybody who might come to the barn."

This sounded reasonable, and the Inventor decided to hide in the barn loft. As soon as he had reached this decision, Keeneyes handed over his electric torch.

"You may need this," he told him. "And now—good-by."

Lindenwait the Inventor was left alone.

CHAPTER IX.
THE STRANGE MEETING

WHEN the last sound of Keeneyes' footsteps had died away—which was very soon, since the detective was cautious in all his movements—the Inventor, Lindenwait, [illegible] by the loneliness of the [illegible] that it [illegible]

[illegible] he found his way up into the loft and examined his surroundings. Since the barn had been in disuse for years, it was not to be expected that he would find anything useful or of a pleasing nature, and, indeed, the hay that lay upon the [illegible] atmosphere felt clo[illegible]

The barn had a [illegible] the first impulse of the young man was to push it open that he might let in the fresh air. [illegible] er approach [illegible] and by the time he had made this discovery, prudence warned him that it would not, after all [illegible] to open the [illegible] been [illegible]

[illegible]

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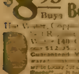

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himself could be in that desolate wood at that time of night? It seemed most unlikely, unless, in spite of all the precautions of Keeneyes, he and the detective had been followed, by enemies, to the barn.

As he was musing over the situation, not sitting down, because every loose article in the loft was thick with dust, he was electrified by an unmistakable sound from below. This sound was the stealthy opening of the barn door, which, the moved slowly and carefully, grated upon [illegible]

Thankful that the electric torch had been shut off, Lindenwalt held his breath to listen. Some one came into the barn, and after that the door was also closed. Then it was barred. At [illegible] of the slipping into place of the bar [illegible] denwalt grasped his revolver in a [illegible] lute hand and waited. After [illegible] ments his eyes were greeted by a faint light from below. At the same time the one who had produced it moved across the floor beneath. The young man took advantage of the movements of the unknown to slip back to the head of the ladder, whence he could look down to the ground floor.

The light issued from a lantern which was held in the hand of a woman. This woman went to the corner where the trapdoor had been covered by broken boards and debris of odds and ends. She cleared away the disorder, and raised the trapdoor, just as Keeneyes had done, in showing Lindenwalt a possible hiding-place for himself.

The woman then called in a low and exceedingly musical voice: "Lucile!"

There was no response from below, altho the call had been so as [illegible] Lindenwalt, while perfectly aware the cellar was empty, half-expected a response.

The call came again, now haltingly: "Are you down there, Lucile?"

No answer.

The woman closed the trapdoor, concealed it as it had been before and, in turning around, gave Lindenwalt a view of her face. He was amazed at its youth and beauty, and instantly leaped to the conclusion that this must be the Margaret Barley described to him by Keeneyes. The girl—for the woman was evidently not more than twenty-one or two—stood for a brief space, her face marked by both perplexity and discour-[illegible]

[illegible] the lantern and moved as [illegible] e floor toward the outside

[illegible] to make his pres-[illegible] Keeneyes, he would not have approved proceeding. If the young [illegible] out that he was there, he, [illegible] ent's special inventor, how [illegible] prevent her from spreading the information among the enemy? And that she would seek to do this, how could he doubt? Was not her presence there evidence in itself that she was one of the enemy, perhaps the chief spy?

In spite of these swift reflections, he was not turned from his purpose. It was the sight of her face that had decided him. He had been so fascinated by it that he could not entertain the idea of having it slip out of his life, in all probability forever. Therefore, hardly had she taken half a dozen steps away from the trapdoor before he [illegible]

[illegible] fully expected. He had also been prepared for her to threaten him with the weapon in her hand. On that account, he had drawn his revolver, which now covered her.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Barley," he said soothingly, "I am not going to hurt you unless you try to kill me. I am aiming this revolver at your heart merely to warn you not to aim yours at me. Please stand perfectly still and I will not come any nearer."

She looked at him, deadly pale, her lantern in one hand, the pistol hanging idly in the other, her large and beautiful eyes fastened upon his face.

"Don't be frightened," he urged. "I simply want to ask you a few questions and when I have your answers I shall [illegible] go wherever [illegible]

[illegible] assured by his courteous de[illegible] [illegible] come you to [illegible] out-of-the-way [illegible] out-of-the-way [illegible] it is in [illegible] fortunately, it proved to be in my way.'

Her color returned, and her gather[illegible] calmness told him that she was not unaccustomed to adventurous situations. [illegible] in a faltering voice:

[illegible] 'Miss Barley'—how [illegible] ld you know my name?"

[illegible] answer the descrip-[illegible]

[illegible] exclaimed in alarm. [illegible] out of my—of [illegible]

[illegible] No one has [illegible] The one who [illegible] is not likely to give it to [illegible]

[illegible] at ease. "Will [illegible] me what the description is?"

[illegible] will excuse me if it sounds per-[illegible] from the de-[illegible] are young, that you [illegible] you are beyond [illegible] lovely. Well, [illegible] you from the loft. I [illegible] Margaret Bar-[illegible] youngest thing [illegible] at this time of the night in desolate a [illegible] and your eyes tell me you [illegible] not a criminal, tho cer-[illegible] your reputation [illegible] imprudence. And your [illegible] thanks for the rest of the description."

[illegible] abruptly. "And why were you in the loft?"

"And why," returned Lindenwalt [illegible] you down below

She was silent.

[illegible] You thought 'Lucile' was hiding in the cellar and you came to bring her some sort of mes-[illegible]

She asked eagerly, entreatingly. "Do [illegible] is?"

He shook his head and confessed, "I do not even know who 'Lucile' is. But I heard you calling her. And the man who gave me your accurate description had told me of seeing Lucile with a man called Jack Daws."

[illegible] "Then the one who described me is Keeneyes the detective." She added urgently, "Please, tell me where I can find him!"

[illegible] compelling manner, [illegible] found it exceedingly difficult to speak severely, with her appealing eyes upon him.

[illegible] thing, and waiting in vain, Margaret Barley spoke again: [illegible] will not try to detain me in this place, if you are what I believe."

"And what do you believe me to be?" he asked rather sharply.

"A gentleman."

[illegible] "You haven't [illegible] things I want to learn" [illegible] me who you [illegible] since Keeneyes is a friend or confidant of yours [illegible] know I have nothing to fear from you."

[illegible] eyes a friend of yours?" [illegible] immediately answered [illegible] "Yes, I know he is; [illegible] me you had nothing to do with the crime Ormsby tried to fasten [illegible]

[illegible] pale again. [illegible] know you; you [illegible] Mr. Linden-[illegible]

[illegible] with himself. [illegible] trayed Keeneyes, then [illegible]

[illegible] and with evi-[illegible] Lindenwalt, of all people you are the one I most need to [illegible]

[illegible] ard him paying no [illegible] upon which, in [illegible] had [illegible] dangerously. [illegible] your thoughts with such men as Ormsby or Jack Daws she urged. I [illegible] American [illegible] I am for America. That is why I am here—I mean, in this part of the country. That I came to X—"

"Do you mean that you came here to work against the German spies?"

[illegible] I [illegible] mean."

"Then tell me," he grew intensely in his turn, "can you tell me anything about my missing notebook?"

[illegible] she assured him.

[illegible] then—quick! Was it Ormsby who stole it from my secret drawer?"

[illegible] it, this very [illegible] came to the old Johnson place for a private conference [illegible] Mr. Ormsb[illegible]

"Who was h[illegible]

"I don't know."

"Was it the man Keeneyes calls 'Jack [illegible]

After hesitation, she said, "I am afraid [illegible]

Lindenwalt [illegible] could not understand [illegible] Barley could [illegible] of property. He asked her to explain how she knew the notebook had been given to any one by Ormsby.

"I was in the front yard when a man came up to the door," she said. "He made a faint, scratching sound on one of the panels and Mr. Ormsby came out and handed him a small, light-colored notebook. I could see that by the light from Mr. Ormsby's lantern which streamed from his bedroom across the hall. Just as soon as the notebook had been transferred, the two men came out into the yard and frightened me away."

"But, good heavens, young lady, why were you there in the yard at such an hour, and all alone? And that brings me back to this desolate barn; why are you here? Have you no regard at all for your—for your safety and—and your welfare?"

She smiled sadly.

"I know what you mean," she said. "But there is something else I regard more than my own 'welfare.' Now, will you let me pass out of this place? For I do not need to be reminded that it is no fit place for my safety."

"Go, yes; but not until you have explained more fully. Come, you say Keeneyes is your friend; you say I am the one you wanted to meet. Well, what have you to tell me? Surely you know you can trust me."

She answered passionately: "If you don't recover your notebook before 8 o'clock this morning—and it must now be past 4—your secret will be in the hands of the German government. If you can find Lucile, or help me to find her, I believe the notebook can be recovered. Lucile is my sister. Our parents came to this country from Germany [illegible] thirty years ago—ten years before she was born. We have been taught to love the Fatherland, always thinking it perfectly compatible with love also of America. Of course [illegible] parents would not have left Germany had they preferred it to the adventure of seeking a new country; and the fact that they have never gone back shows how they regard this land."

"Yes. But——"

"But Lucile is young and she has been persuaded by German agents that she cannot be true to the land of our fathers and also true to the land of our adoption."

"Your father and mother?"

"They are loyal Americans."

"And yet you say your sister, who is younger than you——"

"Unhappily she has fallen under the influence of—of——"

"Of the man Keeneyes spoke of—[illegible] Daws?"

"Then he is her lover—or husband?"

"I do not know," was the astonishing reply.

Lindenwalt was speechless.

Margaret resumed hastily: "But I must not stay here a moment longer. If you will help me find Lucile, you will be, at the same time, on the right track to find your missing notebook."

"I will go with you," he declared resolutely.

Even as he spoke, he felt deeply the unwisdom of this course. He had been warned by Keeneyes to remain concealed in the barn loft until the latter's return in the morning; Keeneyes might come back and find the inventor gone—then what could he do? And what did he know of this Margaret Barley except that she had a beautiful face, and seemed to speak without guilt?

Nevertheless he had quite resolved to trust her. They left the barn together, after she had extinguished the lantern.

Would you have trusted her? Or do you think she is luring Lindenwalt into a trap? These questions are answered in the next installment.

* * *

Mistaken Identity.

A BEAUTIFULLY gowned woman swept thru the well-carpeted corridor of one of the big hotels. She paused as she entered a breakfast room. Leaning against the door was a creased and shimmering gentleman.

Said the lady:

"I would prefer that small table by the window."

The creased one escorted her to the table of her choice, whisked off the chair with a fine handkerchief, brushed away an invisible crumb. He was about to leave —

"Wait," commanded the queen as she lorgnetted at the breakfast card. "What would you recommend?"

"A fine melon."

Acquiescence from the beautiful one.

"And some finnan haddie."

"Yes."

"And, perhaps, some creamed potatoes."

"Very good."

"And I would also suggest that you retain the services of a waiter."

With that the well-dressed man bowed and retired. He happened to be Senator James Hamilton Lewis.

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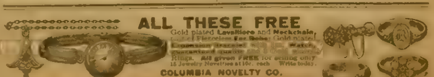

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He Was Spoiling for a Scrap

BY MAJ. C. J. C. STREET.

THE signalers' dugout was gone way behind the British guns; one could, with difficulty, hear oneself speak, even when the battery was blazing away in joyful activity, as it was now.

Gunner Morson, the oldest and most experienced of the signalers, was holding forth to the company at large, very few of whom were listening to him.

"That's all we blessed signalers can do!" he exclaimed, brandishing the Intelligence Summary that had been lent him to read. "We dodge about between here and the O. P.'s like a lot of blinkin' rabbits, while Fritz chucks every sort of thing he don't want at us. 'Taint so bad for the fellers on the guns; they have the satisfaction of knowing they're doin' some damage. We goes out to mend a blessed bit of wire, an' gets it knocked to it, an' never a chance o' gettin' one of our own back at the 'Un. It's enough to make a bloke up 'arf like a bally war."

He stopped suddenly, seeing a somewhat awed expression in his audience's eyes, and looked up to see the battery signaling officer coming into the dugout. The latter laughed as Morson stood up, rather abashed. "Stop up, you," he said, smilingly. "Being fed up got you that D. C. M. the other day, didn't it? I'd like to see your face if you were sent home and told you couldn't take part any more in this bally war, as you call it. Now, I've got a job for you. The major's found a new observation post in those German trenches we took yesterday, and he wants a signaler with a telephone sent down there. Give me your map a minute."

Morson smiled as he was shown the spot to go. It would not be a healthy business getting there, he knew, and he also knew why he had been chosen for the job. He picked up a telephone, a coil of wire and a few tools, and set off at once.

Everything was plain sailing until he reached the old British front line, but after that everything was serious. The infantry was busy consolidating gains of the day before, converting old saps into communicating trenches, digging frantically in whatever direction he turned. He looked at his map, but the network of trenches had changed considerably since it had been revised. However, he had an inborn instinct for finding his way, and [illegible] in the direction [illegible]

[illegible] made. [illegible] take short [illegible] working machine guns over the way. At last he reached a well-made trench, upon which the infantry was working busily, turning its parados into a parapet.

He made his way towards a sergeant who was supervising a working party.

"Seen an artillery O. P. anywhere about here?" he said.

"No, my son, I haven't," replied the sergeant, who was a good twenty years younger than Morson. "This is our new front line, late the German reserve line of happy memory, look out!"

A rifle grenade burst within a few feet of them. Nobody took any notice; they were used to this sort of thing.

"Thankee, sergint. I'll be getting on," said Morson. "That there O. P. must be somewhere about here."

His words were lost in a loud shout from a sentry, and a subsequent rush for cover on the part of the working party. Before he could move he realized that a party of Germans was making a rush for the trench.

Nobody had leisure to attend to him, but his mind was made up on the instant. The service telephone is carried in a leather case with a long strap. He took it off his shoulder and swung it appreciatively. It weighed quite a lot, as he knew from many bitter days' experience of it for miles thru muddy trenches. He also took from his belt an earth-pin, a pointed steel bar about five feet long used for establishing an earth return for telephone circuits. Armed with these weapons he waited quietly at the bottom of the trench.

It all seemed over in a few seconds. Two Germans appeared in the bend where he was standing. One made for the infantryman, the other sprang towards Morson himself. He measured the length of the German's bayonet with his eye, and slung the telephone full in his face, spurring at the same instant. The German staggered backwards, and Morson dashed in and brought the earth-pin down on his head with all his force. The man dropped like a stone, and Morson turned to the second, who was carrying on in a most pretty fashion with the infantryman.

Anybody but a gunner would have picked up the dead German's rifle and bayonet, but not so Morson. The earth-pin, balanced in his hand to perfection, with a swirl of wire, caught the fellow in the [illegible] and smote him on the left arm. [illegible] surprise, the German dropped his rifle with a howl and jumped [illegible] holding up his hands. The [illegible] pushed to breath and [illegible]

[illegible] wounded or prisoners. Morson heard a sigh of disappointment. The hand that held the earth-pin still itched for blood. At that moment the sergeant came along, holding out the telephone.

"Hullo, gunner!" he said. "That's a handy bit of iron you've got hold of! Pity you didn't live a few hundred years ago, when men fought with battle axes and things. This is something of yours, I think! We're much obliged for your help, I'm sure."

Morson took the telephone. "Thankee, sargint," he said. "That's a delicate instrument, that is, and I don't expect bitting it with that there iron 'as done it any good. Well, I'd best be goin' along to look for that there O. P., I suppose 'Twas a pretty scrap, tho, and I'm sure I'm obliged to you all."

* * *

Convenient Ancestor.

A CONNOISSEUR of painting saw in the window of a second-hand dealer's shop the portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered the dealer $250 for it, but the latter declined to sell under $375, and, as neither would give way, the picture remained in the shop.

A short time afterward the connoisseur saw the picture hanging in the dining-room of a certain house he happened to be visiting. With an exclamation of surprise he walked toward it.

"Hallo, what have you got here?" he said.

His host replied that the portrait had just been bequeathed to him, and added: "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an Admiral Byng."

"Was he, indeed?" commented the connoisseur. "A month ago he was within $125 of becoming one of mine."

* * *

True to Tradition.

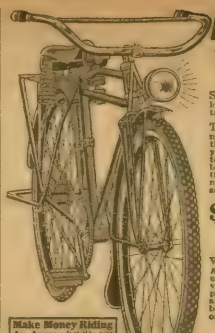
AN ENGLISH, Irish and Scottish soldier were returning from the front after a stroll. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink!"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is agin the law. Let's give him some baccy."

"Hoot, ma laddie!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be" extravagant. Let's shake hands with the man and wish him good night."



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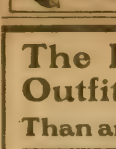

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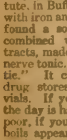

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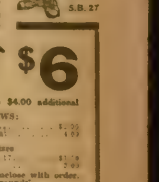

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Where the Apple Reddens

BY K. HOPSON.

MR. NEWLIN wondered if he should tell Louise. Perhaps it would be the means of saving her from a life of unhappiness. And yet it made him heart sick to think of casting a blight on her present radiance.

Maybe I'm overanxious. Things seem different by daylight," he muttered, and drew his chair closer to the fire that seemed so acceptable in the cool spring night. He resolved to wait for Louise, tho it was late when she returned from the dance, and later still when Lyman Purcell left the house. Seeing light in her father's study, Louise came in and perched on the arm of his chair. Little girl fashion.

Tensing she upbraided him for such late hours, then began an animated description of the dance. Suddenly in the midst of it she said.

"Somehow my ring doesn't shine like it ought tonight, dadsie. She held the slender hand nearer the blaze to catch the light on her diamond.

His heart contracted. It seemed such a providential opening for the voicing of his fear.

"I've always noticed that, Louise. Ever since Lyman gave you the ring I've had doubts about it."

"What do you mean" There was a note of fear in her voice.

"That the diamond isn't genuine. And a fake stone means a fake man, Louise."

There was a moment of throbbing silence. "I know Lyman wouldn't do anything like that," she broke out passionately. "I know there must be some mistake. Besides, what object would he have? He can well afford a genuine one. Anyway it isn't like Lyman. You must say anything to him——"

"It may not be necessary to say anything. But I feel justified in asking you to let me take the ring into town tomorrow to Ormsby's, where the ring came from, and have him examine it."

She drew off the ring and handed it to him with a proud little gesture of assent. Of course, if you think best—but it will not make me doubt Lyman."

He had to see her go to her room with the brightness gone from her face. "If only her mother were living she would know."

Next day when he took the ring to the jeweler's his fears were justified. "They said the diamond was not the one they had sold to Lyman Purcell a month ago, but an imitation. The original had been a stone of unusual beauty and brilliance.

When Mr. Newlin told his daughter their verdict that evening the mystery [illegible] Lyman Purcell himself, and after it was set he had called for it and had given it to Louise. And it had never been absent from her finger until she gave it to her father to take back to the jeweler to be tested.

"It seems like an endless chain sort of business, but nothing will make me alter my decision in regard to Lyman or lose faith in him. Nor do I ever intend to let him know the difference unless he notices the stone and brings up the subject."

At the anxious look in her father's face she added with an attempt at her old merry laugh: "It makes me think of the old saying, 'Where the apple reddens, never pry.' Lest we lose our Eden, you and I." I don't intend to lose my Eden over an old stone."

He couldn't help but admire her loyalty even tho his heart trembled over the future. At every chance he took occasion to study Lyman Purcell and in every instance the young man rang true.

Meanwhile the wedding preparations went steadily forward, and it was but a week before the date set when Louise and Lyman went with a party of young people Silver Lake for a picnic. That afternoon they all went in bathing except Lyman's twin brother, Guy, who had a broken arm.

"You can keep our valuables, Louise," Louise, and handed him a ring. "I had a business engagement and was obliged to go home before the others came out of the water. I remember telling he drove over to give Louise her ring. She and her father were sitting on the porch when he arrived, and for a moment each thought the other man coming up the walk.

"How much you two look alike," declared Louise. "I never noticed it so much before. Are you ever mistaken for each other.

"Oh, once in a while." Was it true—did he only imagine the young man's changed color? Maybe he couldn't determine. At this juncture Louise was called to the telephone. When she returned, father and daughter exchanged a glance of suspicion, turned and said——

"Were you ever mistaken for your brother by a business friend——" Ormsby the jeweler, for instance.

"Why—I can't say that I was—" but at the piercing look in the older man's eyes his glance shifted

"Not even when your brother sent you for the ring he had bought for——" Guy broke down. "Yes—if you will have the truth—Lyman sent me for the ring. Ormsby thought I was there was no hesitation about giving it to me. I needed money badly to pay a debt of honor, and had the stone appraised at another jeweler's. But it was only worth a few original diamond I had brought back to me. I swear it—take it to any jeweler in the country to know my words."

We'll let the matter rest—if you'll let me have a lesson." In his relief Mr. Newlin would have agreed to anything, for his heart was light with gladness that the [illegible] was genuine into whose keeping he would give his daughter's happiness one week from that day.

* * *

Irvin Cobb's Uniform.

[illegible], who recently sailed for [illegible] and many points of interest [illegible] war conditions, [illegible] story about his correspondent's [illegible] form.

Going to a military tailor, he asked to be measured for something adequate to his figure and station.

"You want an American officer's uniform, I suppose?" inquired the fitter, briskly.

Mr. Cobb regarded him with the restrained temper of one who has explained who he was (and is) to the British War Office three years in succession.

"I am not an American officer," corrected Mr. Cobb.

"Yes, I see," said the fitter. "Regulation British is it, sir?"

Mr. Cobb hated to distress him, so he waited until the calf measurement, at full inhalation, had been noted down, whereupon he mentioned casually:

"I am not a British officer."

"Sh, what?" said the fitter, reclining on his heels. "What shall I make it, sir?"

"God knows," said Mr. Cobb, dejected ly.

The measuring proceeded. After the diagonal had been secured by means of trigonometry and a ball of twine, Mr. Cobb prepared to leave. The fitter seemed bewildered and somewhat depressed. Mr. Cobb had an inspiration.

"I have just been appointed a colonel on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky," he remarked, and was rewarded by an instant look of relief on the fitter's face. The atmosphere seemed to have cleared immeasurably.

"And do you know," says Mr. Cobb, "when I put that uniform on and looked at myself in the glass I looked like a cold marshal in the Palestine guards."

* * *

The Vexed Hyphenate.

JUDGE MATTHEW L. CAREY of Denver was talking about the war.

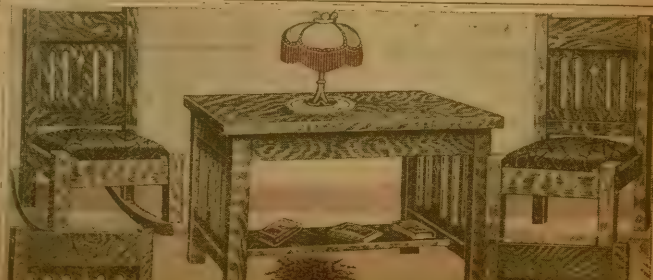
"One of the ugly features of the war," he said, "is the hyphenated traitor in our midst.

"I sentenced a hyphenated traitor to a good long term the other day for trying to blow up an airplane factory.

"Well, as the scoundrel was being led out, one of these long-haired pacifists bustled up to him and cooed:

"'My poor dear chap, is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Ja,' snarled the hyphenate. 'If you can do my seven years for me——'"



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How Hanna Won the Victoria Cross

IT ALL happened at the battle of Vimy Ridge. This particular incident took place at Hill 70. Sergt. Robert Hanna of the Canadian Infantry had been in many of the worst battles of the war. He was at the Somme. There, as at other places like the Crater of St. Eloi, he saw his battalion almost wiped out and his company literally swept off the earth. Before this valiant Canadians settled down to their part in the slaughter of Vimy Ridge Hanna had been "over the top" twenty-two times, had been at grips with the Germans on numberless occasions, and, altho stumbling amid death and bursting shells for days at a time, had escaped injury.

He had grown callous to the fear of death. He expected to be killed as all his friends had been. He saw only gloom ahead, but with all the pluck of his Irish forefathers he resolved to "do his full bit" for Canada and civilization before they "got" him.

Vimy was bloody as hell. The Canadians were there as they were at the Somme, Ypres, Lens and Passchendaele. Near Hill 70 at the point at which the Canadians had come to realize was the worst spot they had to face. It was only a little hand high and could be seen, but it was known to be a nasty point and the 29th Battalion was told to take it. For two hours, waiting for dawn, the battalion crawled out on its belly in No Man's Land, waiting to rush over and surprise the Huns, whose trench was 500 yards away. Unknown to the Canadians, the Huns were crawling out from their dugouts to initiate the same movement against the Canadians. At the same moment two barrages started—one from the Germans and one from the Canadian guns. The two lines of crouching men rose and plunged toward each other. The clash was brief. The ground quickly was strewn with dead and the Germans backed up to the mouth of a trench via, to the soldiers, like the roof of an aching tooth. Wire entanglements stayed the pursuit of the Canadians, who, however, hewed their way thru.

Six hundred and fifty men went "over the top" with Hanna. Perhaps two-thirds of this number went on toward the trench, but this remnant was decimated by a machine gun which the Huns had [illegible] draper. The crew of this on the Canadians like a

TO HANNA it merely was a day's work. To the men of the Tweny-ninth Vancouver Battalion the Victoria Cross, which is securely pinned to Hanna's waistcoat, is emblematic of one of the thrilling personal narratives of the entire war, if not, in fact, of all time. Stories of gallantry and self-sacrifice will be told while the world endures, but it will remain for a new race to roll up a single record to overshadow that of Hanna, who dropped in a trench all alone and single-handed fought the Prussian Guards—the men who never were defeated till then and who went down one after another before this medium-sized young lumberman from the forests of British Columbia. One moment Hanna's life wasn't worth a penny. A few minutes later he had saved a battalion, and a little while later he was transformed on the field from a sergeant major to a lieutenant.

hose and all the officers were killed or injured. Hanna plunged on in the face of this dreadful fire. He had a Mills-bomb and this he hurled at the machine gun. To his own amazement, and undoubtedly to the amusement of the gunners, he struck the gun and smashed it, killing or injuring the men who were feeding in the bullets.

It had done its deadly work. Hanna was straightening up when he saw, dashing his comrades, either dead or badly wounded. Part of the battalion had spread and, by sound, would come around back of the trench and enter it from the other end. He jumped into the trench and found himself in the midst of stalwart Prussians coming single-file—this was necessary because of the narrowness of the excavation—toward him. At the first [illegible] he had in his [illegible] well aimed and No. 1 of [illegible] Prussian Guards was out of the war forever.

The second one charged over his fallen comrade, but met the bayonet held in the vise-like grip of the young lumberman from Vancouver. A third Prussian—also of the 55th—dropped down in the trench as if he had collapsed, but as this was no time for taking chances, Hanna, now realizing that he was alone in a nest of the enemy, used the bayonet with effective results. A fourth Prussian appeared almost from nowhere. He had the stock of his rifle in both hands on a level with his shoulder and was preparing to drive the other end home in the form of the Canadian. But Hanna was too quick for him. There was a momentary grinding of teeth, a shriek and the fourth Prussian measured his length on the earthen floor.

Here is Hanna's own version of what happened during the next few minutes:

"I then discovered that I was alone in the trench and I was wondering where the other men were. I was waiting, and at the entrance to a dugout, which was, of course, dark. I heard the buzzing of voices. I knew, of course, that this was a dangerous position. I had no bombs. I had used my last one on the gun. I looked around and discovered a German bomb. About that time I heard the Prussians coming out of the entrance to the dugout and I waited until the [illegible] about on top of me, when I let the [illegible] their feet [illegible] feet further and [illegible] entrance. It [illegible] There I heard [illegible] I didn't know [illegible] prom- [illegible] hunted around a [illegible] two more [illegible] good [illegible] I [illegible] dugout, holding them [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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I cured a cure in every [illegible] I want every sufferer [illegible] of this rheumatic trouble [illegible] sure healing power. Don't [illegible] out the coupon below and I will send it [illegible] to try. After you have used it and [illegible] proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send me the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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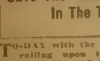

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The End of Her Dream

BY IDA N. MUNSON.

THE hours of the short winter's day were drawing to a close. The tall, dark front [illegible] of the Crawford mansion already had struck 5, and out of doors the early twilight was ushering in a cold, dreary [illegible] now in all directions and whistled down chimneys with a mournful cadence.

[illegible] room sat Mary Crawford. No matter how imposing the exterior of the Crawford [illegible] pearance was superior to that of the [illegible] ter how large and grand all the other rooms in the house might be, there was [illegible] where, even tho the rest of the house might be cold and cheerless, there [illegible] last approaching, one could almost see to read by the fading light that came in thru the western window, and the cheerful [illegible] cold and hungry, seemed very remote from this woman reclining in a soft, easy chair by the glowing hearth.

Yet there was hardly a poor family in Crawford that could not tell of her gentle ministrations of love in times of sickness or misfortune.

The lonely woman by the fire stirred uneasily and opened her eyes. She could hardly have been asleep, for there was a tear on her cheek and she raised one hand to press her forehead as tho it [illegible]

A small stand near by lay a vel[illegible] and, drawing the table toward her, she opened the article, disclosing a neat pair [illegible] gloves and several [illegible]

[illegible] she said softly. "She [illegible] woman always has a birthday. She always remembers everything that she thinks will please me, dear girl."

For a while the woman moved her head back [illegible]

[illegible] small hand [illegible] as my own little daughter for ten happy years, happy just because I had you, I will let you go and leave me now. Yes, Barbara, I will be brave and not make you unhappy by showing you [illegible] how smart aches when you go. I will bear it all in silence because of my promise.

"Because of my promise," she repeated to herself, and gradually a peaceful, calm expression came over her face and the fire[illegible] lit threw a pink flush on her cheeks, making her look almost young [illegible]

Suddenly she arose and, stepping to the door, softly locked it, then [illegible] to her cabinet, the drawers containing [illegible] drawers. From a chain around her neck she [illegible] a key and fitted it in the lock of one of the drawers. Her face was very pale and her hand trembled so that she [illegible] the side of the cabinet as if for support.

After opening it she took out something it contained, a sheet of yellow letter paper. The writing was almost [illegible] secured in some places where tears had fallen on it.

Clasping it tightly with both hands, she reseated herself in the armchair. Such a tired, sad expression had come into her eyes that she looked fully ten years older as she slowly unfolded the paper and read:

"LONDON, England, Nov. 25, 1898.—My Dear Friend: Being falsely accused of crime for which I have suffered a sentence of life imprisonment, I write to ask of you a great favor. I know not [illegible] such favor to you in my [illegible] for me—nevertheless, for the sake of the only one left me in this world to love, and for the sake of her mother, who is now in Heaven, I ask you to keep my little daughter, Barbara, and try to make her happy.

"She and our faithful servant, Judy, will come to you with this letter, and if you cannot keep my daughter send a message directed to Castle Court, London, and otherwise I shall trust that she is safe with you.

"Money will be sent you regularly from the banker, and it is my desire that Barbara know nothing of my imprisonment and that her life be all sunshine if possible.

"Now may God reward you [illegible] you both until that great day when all wrongs shall be forever righted.

"GILBERT ARNOLD."

Here were written the following words in a feminine hand:

"I, Mary Crawford, promise to do all in my power to make Barbara Arnold happy, and I do this for your own dear sake, Gilbert."

Gently the woman pressed her lips to the paper where Gilbert Arnold had signed his name and then leaned back in her chair with a tired sigh.

She remembered the day he went away never to return, because of a misunderstanding that she in her blind foolishness would not let him set right.

She had very [illegible] her impetuous nature then, but in the long, lonely years that followed when her father, mother and only [illegible] laid away to rest, she had longed for the comfort of the noble heart [illegible] spurned and learned by bitter experience how much she had loved the one who had shared all her childhood's [illegible]

Then [illegible] to make [illegible] where, even tho the rest of the house might be cold and cheerless, there [illegible]

[illegible] make others happy with the money she possessed. He had crossed the water [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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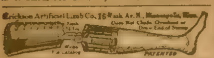

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one longing was to hear some one say she was glad because his imprisonment was at an end.

Then at times his heart had grown cold with dread. Barbara was no longer a child. Would she remember and welcome her father? He thought of Mary Crawford, and something told him that the woman who once loved him had been worthy of his trust.

"Massa Gilbert," Judy was saying, "Missus will want to know you is come, and if you is warmed I'll go tell her."

"Judy," the man said, "where is your mistress?"

"In her sitting-room, Massa Gilbert."

"And you say Barbara will be home soon? Then your mistress is alone?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Let me go to her, Judy. I know just where the room is, for I used to play there when a boy."

Something in the man [illegible] faithful colored woman that [illegible] ference on her part would be [illegible] and she answered, "Yes, Massa, [illegible] she is asleep in [illegible]"

"I'll not fr[illegible] ascended the [illegible] turned to her [illegible] self.

The little woman [illegible] have been [illegible] she [illegible]

[illegible] suddenly opened her [illegible] saw a tall form opposite her [illegible]," she said softly, "this dream of [illegible] so long tonight, longer than ever before. But I shall wake soon and you will be gone."

Something in the woman's eyes made the man's face glow with a joy unspeakable. Softly stepping to her side [illegible]

"[illegible] free and have [illegible] happiness stole [illegible]

[illegible] to be the wife of a [illegible] honest man and I—I am happy because she is."

[illegible]

[illegible] repeated [illegible] you know that will make me [illegible]

[illegible] found [illegible] head rest on his shoulder [illegible] bent [illegible] to hers.

"How long [illegible] cared [illegible]

Little Stories From "Over There"

Afraid to Take Leaves

A [illegible] soldiers fighting [illegible] on the Western front [illegible] baseball player has [illegible] Allied soldiers.

The soldier who [illegible] the first time after [illegible] does not expect [illegible] French or American soldier [illegible] you the names of [illegible] who were killed the first [illegible] after coming back from a furlough.

There is another phase to this superstition which has deeply engraven itself upon the minds of the soldiers. If a soldier "trades leave" with another he, the man who proposed the [illegible] marked for death the first [illegible] over.

An Australian who has been at the front since the first battle of Ypres says that he has known fourteen Australians who were killed after they had traded [illegible]

[illegible] world that there [illegible] among the soldiers. There are some things more sacred than others about which the boys hesitate to talk. If a letter from a soldier's mother arrives on the day a raiding party is sent out the members of the party—particularly the man who received the letter—are liable to be captured. Strange deduction this, but the men have plenty of time for somber thinking and retrospection.

A man from Queensland, Australia, [illegible] constantly in his pocket a sixpence which was given to him in Australia by a young lady. It has a hole in it. He says he knows [illegible] wouldn't lose it [illegible] England [illegible]

After a Hun Spy.

BY PRIVATE HUGH FLEMING,

Co. C, 1st Battalion, British Expeditionary Forces.

SOME [illegible]

[illegible] happened. We saw a [illegible] intervals back of our [illegible] be [illegible] this [illegible] my [illegible] hardly, not thinking I would [illegible] so did [illegible] trouble [illegible] I went [illegible] suddenly halted [illegible] rd. There was nothing to do but to yield or face his gun. He did not believe my story. To the divisional headquarters I had to go, while the real spy [illegible] the signaling continued their work. I told my story to the British general before whom I was taken. Neither [illegible] he believe me. He called up the [illegible] at the battery headquarters [illegible] Farm, sure he had secured [illegible] Hun passing himself off as a Canadian. Mr. O. C., of course, verified my statement, and I was given [illegible] to permit me to car[illegible] late and [illegible]

[illegible] the light began flashing [illegible] a mile and a half farther to the [illegible]. By the time we got across [illegible] and crossed the roads it had [illegible] next day I spent out eying [illegible] I found a man plowing a field [illegible] loafing on the job and it was very evident that plowing was not his main object there.

We discovered later that one man plowed and got information and sniped our lines, and his brother-in-law did the signaling in the evening. The papers found on them told the story.

One About a Prince

F[illegible] young Prince [illegible] would [illegible] life [illegible] from the [illegible] officer of [illegible] in the [illegible] one [illegible] other officer who [illegible] apparently [illegible] there about [illegible] you—[illegible]

[illegible] row of. I'm delivering [illegible] for the brigade commander.

"Well, you better crawl on your belly or they'll get you—this is the worst spot on the front."

About this time the first officer looked more closely and recognized the second officer as the future King of England. His manner changed.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly. "I didn't know you were the Prince of [illegible]"

[illegible] "don't mind me, nobody else [illegible]"

How a Flier Feels.

BY LIEUT. BERT HALL.

FOR fighting at high altitude we war fliers were well dressed, as the cold is very severe. During the winter months at 15,000 feet altitude it is about 50 below zero. When we are breezing along at the rate of 140 miles per hour it gets pretty fresh. We wear a sealskin lined [illegible] fur-lined boots [illegible]. We have a [illegible] on our faces to [illegible] the exposed [illegible] freezing. We carry oxygen tubes [illegible] feet. We [illegible]

[illegible] up pretty [illegible] heat [illegible] flying [illegible] in the air as [illegible]

Northcliffe's Turndown.

A THE burly and distinguished [illegible] Lord Northcliffe [illegible] the hotel lounge a c[illegible] [illegible] world. In this w[illegible] for the Allies' cause [illegible] man, except Lloyd [illegible]

"A hard chap to interview, [illegible] could never land him [illegible] I wrote him for an interview [illegible] back.

"I am sorry, but I must [illegible] from [illegible] to your [illegible] I am like the [illegible] boy at the [illegible] that who, when the Squire's wife [illegible] to him with the strawberry jam promptly said:

"No, thank you, ma'am. I works in the place where they makes it.'"

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Why waste time and prolong suffering when Sloan's Liniment acts so promptly?

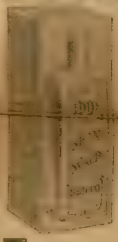
Stop the pain! Give [illegible] what you want [illegible] what you get with Sloan's [illegible] not only "kills pain," but does it quickly, without delay.

If you're tormented by Rheumatic, Neuralgia, Sprains, [illegible] Backache, any body or nerve pain—just [illegible] how instantly a little Sloan's Liniment gives relief. The very first application rests and comforts. Seems to reach right down to the seat of the trouble, warming and easing the nerves and tissues. You can almost feel the inflammation, swelling or stiffness subside, as the pain grows less and less.

You don't even have to wait to rub Sloan's Liniment. It penetrates and clear, clean liquid can be poured [illegible] on [illegible] generous size bottle from your druggist today. [illegible] in [illegible] $1.00

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

FREE!



Write today for a free trial bottle of D.D.D. If you have eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, pimples, scales, [illegible]

D. D. D.

The Standard Skin Remedy

D. D. D. is the logical remedy. It is a penetrating [illegible]. It works its way right into the tiny [illegible] where the disease germs are lodged, and [illegible] over the world are recommending it to their friends. Prove to yourself that what others say is true, but don't wait. Get instant relief.

Write Today For Free Trial Bottle

Do this today. For a limited time only we will make this offer. We do it because we know that D. D. D. will do the same for you that it has done for others. Send for it. D. D. D. and as soon as you apply it to that burning itch it will bring instant relief. Enclose 10 cents to cover [illegible] packing and mailing. Send today without fail.

D. D. D. Laboratories

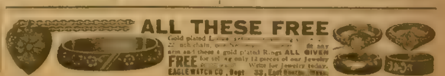
3845 E. Ravenswood Park, Dept. 933 Chicago

BOYS! MAKE MONEY EVERY WEEK selling our papers, The Saturday [illegible] Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. No experience [illegible]. You can't lose. No money [illegible] you just how to build [illegible] customers that means [illegible] profits every week, and just what to do.

START TODAY

Send us a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers [illegible] as many as you think I can sell."

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 10, 500-511 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated [illegible] arm and three 4 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry [illegible] Write for Jewelry today. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 53, East Boston, Mass.

These Physicians Warn Public Against Taking Substitutes for Nuxated Iron

Say That Ordinary Metallic Iron Preparations Cannot Possibly Give the Same

STRENGTH, POWER AND ENDURANCE

As Organic Iron. Besides they may upset the digestion, disturb the secretions and thereby do more harm than good, and that Health Officials and Physicians everywhere should caution the public against accepting inferior substitutions in medicines.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, former Police Surgeon of Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others give valuable advice and information on the use of organic

ATED IRON are printed thereon. Not Nux and Iron nor any other form of Iron but NUXATED IRON.

The remarkable results produced by Nuxated Iron and its widespread use (it being estimated that over three million people annually are today using it) has caused many druggists to substitute

through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go

results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

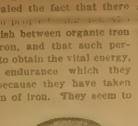
Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this coun-

found Nuxated iron so potent in nervous, run-down conditions that I believe all should know of it. The men and women of today need more iron in their blood than was the case twenty or thirty years ago. This because of the demineralized diet which now is served daily in thousands of homes, and also because of the drugs for grower nourishment necessary to offset the greater number

builder.

Careful investigation by designated physicians among druggists and patients has revealed the fact that there

and metallic iron, and that such persons often fail to obtain the vital energy, strength and endurance which they seek, simply because they have taken the wrong form of iron. They seem to think iron is iron on a good



Dr. James Francis Sullivan, Formerly Physician at Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

assimilation by the blood and tissues. No one would hardly expect to derive

Therefore, physicians mentioned below advise those who feel the need of strength and blood builder, to go to their family doctors and obtain a prescription calling for organic iron (Nuxated Iron) and tell the druggist so that there may be no question of substitution or substitutes. But if you do not wish to go to the trouble of getting a prescription for Nuxated Iron then be sure to look on the label and see that the words NUX-

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a Physician of Many Years' Experience in This Country.

stitutes in medicines, and they especially warn against accepting substitutes for Nuxated Iron, which, instead of being organic iron may be nothing more than a metallic iron compound

harm than good. The widespread publication of the above information in all

Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), N. Y., and the Westchester County Hospital, Dr. Fordham Iona, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others, so that the public may be informed on this subject and protected from the use of metallic iron under the delusion that it is Nuxated Iron, or at least something as good as Nuxated Iron. In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, Dr. Sullivan says:

I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Authority.

year after year suffering from physical and mental ills, a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realising the real and true cause of their trouble. Without question your blood your food merely passes

human system."

Dr. A. J. Newman, Former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in treating Chicago's five thousand blue ing trim, so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and ravages of nature's elements. Recently I was prompted to give it a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. Ferdinand King says: "Doctors

weak, haggard looking patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin or flesh flabby, the muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

Hospital, of City, said: "I have given out any medical

Dr. A. J. Newman, Late Police Surgeon of Chicago and Former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago.

for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York.

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of doing

formidable stimulants

drugs, they are promising thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to

germs that are almost constantly around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength and see how much you have gained.

entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your

From a Rookie to His Pal

CAMP KEARNY, Cal., April 9.—Dear Tim? I got what was coming to me. I got the regular razzoo. You remember that time we cleaned out that joint on Aliso street and I licked three hard-boiled guys with my trusty right? Well, now I'm not so sure it was my right. And I don't know, Tim, whether I'm such a hot member at the fighting game after all. But that isn't what I was going to say. I guess you remember when I kinda hinted to Nell that soon as I got dolled out in my regimentals I would hike downtown and get in my proper sphere in society. Well, I didn't, Tim. I had no chance. What do you suppose I have been doing?

I have been locked up for twenty days. No, not in the guardhouse—yet. I'll get there, I guess. I have been quarantined. I'm in the recruit camp. You know, when a fellow joins the Army they put him in a camp almost by himself for fear he might have the smallpox or measles coming on, and they want to give the germs a chance to get busy. These fellows in camp are now all chemically pure, with a seal o. k. stamped all over them. It took the Government a long time to get them that way and they say what's the use of a few recruits like us spoiling it all?

I'll be out tomorrow and you can bet I'm going to browse around among some of the old movie crowd here. You know the old gag about meetless days? Well, that's me, Tim. I've had twenty of them so far. I'm a regular hermit. If I saw a skirt hanging out on a clothesline I would have movie stage fright. No girl is going to waste time talking to a guy in quarantine and take chance of getting the measles. Not that there's any here, but there might be. Besides, I haven't had a chance yet.

Honestly, Tim, the girls don't know I'm here yet. But when you hear in the papers about a stampede with a swell-looking soldier breezing along the street with a lot of girls tagging after him, you can bet your life that's me, Tim. Of course, I don't want to talk too much about myself, Tim, but I'm going to be easy on the other fellows, because they're good scouts and I don't want to cop off all the Janes. I gotta give 'em a chance. They say girls won't dance with anything but a uniform, but wait till I get on mine. I'll knock 'em dead. That's me, Tim, you know. But I gotta get another pair of shoes. They gave me a pair that would fit Big Pete, and you know he has to stand two feet back from an auto for fear he'll be pinned to the pavement.

I have trench shoes, the kind the supes used to wear on a muddy day out at Hollywood. They got hob nails in the soles and iron heels. When I get over in the Old Country I'm going to plant that iron heel right on the Kaiser's neck. That's me, Tim.

But I'll tell you why I don't know whether I hit those guys with my right or left. The top cutter here—that's what we call the top sergeant—and he's some cutter, too, talks like an icebox; well, he took us out and marched us up and down our field. All the time guards with guns marched around our camp for fear some germs might get out. Germs must be some relation to the Germans, because that's what the Army seems to be fighting as much as anything round here. I never marched so much before. That movie stuff is all right, Tim, but we never had a top cutter to bawl us out and a fellow could quit his job if he got sore.

He yelled out, "Squads right," and I turned—I wasn't a whole squad, but I was all by myself when I turned. I guess I'm old enough, Tim, to know my right hand from my left, but I didn't. The top cutter told me darn quick, Tim. I was demoted to the awkward squad—they are the dubs at first. The top said I'd have to learn which was which when it came to hands. He said suppose he gave an order to march to the left and the enemy was there and I turned the other way. But I wouldn't do that, Tim. I'd be right at the first Fritz I saw. That's me, Tim. Your friend,

BUCK.

Honest Poverty

"I REALLY don't believe that a man's possessions have anything to do with his happiness," said Wandery. "Of course, abject poverty must be a frost, but I don't mean that. If a man has enough for present needs and [illegible] away for a rainy day [illegible]

"I have never seen the time when I didn't have to do some figuring to make my income cover expenses; I have never had any money to blow in and I have never been able to afford any luxuries. Yet when I contrast my condition with that of fellows who could buy and sell me ten times a day, and never miss the money, I seem to be having as good a time as they have. I get as much out of life as any rich man."

"You are a philosopher," observed Foxworthy, "and when a man is a genuine, all wool philosopher, nothing makes any difference to him. He can sit out in the rain and persuade himself that the sun is shining and everything dry and comfortable. I have heard a lot of bunk about poverty being as desirable as riches, but you may write me down as one who will take the riches, every time.

"For several years I have been experiencing honest poverty. I have to strain every nerve to make ends meet, and often they don't meet, by about seven furlongs. Last year, when I was running for coroner, I made several speeches in which I extolled the poverty graft and pointed with pride to my trousers, which were bagged at the knees, and to my shoes, which had holes in them. I seemed to be making quite an impression on the voters, but the opposing candidate carried away the bacon. He had patches all over his clothes, and he wore about a peck of whiskers, explaining to the proletariat that he hadn't the price of a shave. He had made a life study of honest poverty, and knew all the curves of the game, and he proved, in his public addresses, that I had been a plutocrat in my time, and my sympathies were all with the idle rich.

"I never was a plutocrat; but for several years I had plenty of money. I earned $500 a month and that was as good as twice the amount now, for the cost of living was much lower.

"In those halcyon days I had plenty of purple and fine linen. I wore silk shirts and fine shoes, and one of the serious problems of life had reference to the proper suit to wear upon this or that occasion. I had a dozen or fifteen suits and plenty of lids and suspenders and all the harness a man could wish.

"The man who has experienced this sort of thing never will be reconciled to poverty. Now I have two suits, one for week days, and the other for Sundays and special occasions, such as weddings and funerals. I wear the shirts that cost $1 each and they feel like sandpaper on me; I have to wear a hat until it is as much a back number as Noah's blue umbrella.

"I am somewhat used to it, and don't worry over my reduced circumstances much until somebody comes along boosting honest poverty, saying it's just as good as opulence, and then I feel like tearing up a concrete hitching post and batting him over the head with it."

[illegible] business. [illegible] starts you. [illegible]

MRS. SCATTERBRAIN was constantly bemoaning her lot. Her husband, who was entitled to place half the letters of the alphabet after his name, had the most treacherous memory in the world. He could remember nothing his wife told him, in spite of bits of string round his finger and knots in his handkerchief. Only once did Mr. Scatterbrain remember to do his wife's bidding.

Said a friend to Mrs. Scatterbrain:

"I think you are getting as bad as your hubby. I got a note from you yesterday dated a whole week ahead."

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Scatterbrain, trembling with the shock. "My husband must have posted it the very day I gave it to him."

$1 A Week Buys the Black Beauty

Our plan puts this high grade 1918 wheel in your hands at once. Easy payments; no need to "save up." We ship

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Freight Prepaid. Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then $1.00 a week; or return at our expense. No risk at all. Guar. 5 yrs.

18 big Features—"finger" grips; 12-arm sprocket; coaster brake; dove-tail color design, etc.

Best Tires—the famous Firestone Blue Non-Skid Tires

WRITE TODAY for Plan and big Black Beauty Catalog (in colors). FREE. Pick out your model.

Save Money on Sundries. Get our Catalog of bicycle parts, accessories, supplies—everything for cyclists.

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If you are timid or lack self confidence, if you blush, become confused easily, if you are bashful and unsuccessful in love, social or business affairs, send 3c stamp for our booklet—it tells how these faults may be promptly overcome forever.

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Dept. 10 Box 963, Portland, Me.

ACENTS WANTED

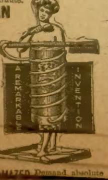
$1200 IN COLD CASH

Made, Paid, Banked in 30 days, by STONEMAN—$15000.00 To Date

This offer is open to you—this money—the cold cash—can be yours. You and you alone by waiting too long can loose it. Investigate today—get the proof. Send your name and address—but NO MONEY—this very minute.

$1000 PER MAN PER COUNTY

Experience unnecessary—business supplies the capital. Payments start the first day—and continue daily up to $1000.00 per month, per county. For years we have been quietly picking men from all walks of life, ministers, clerks, farmers, doctors, lawyers, teachers and so on—enabling them with our help and $50,000.00 appropriation to get what we here offer for you—$1000.00 per man, per county. Some of these men you may have the reason of their prosperity.



INVESTIGATE AND BE AMAZED Demand absolute [illegible] other kind. Either we have the best thing that ever happened or we're colossal liars. Ask Schleicher, minister, whether it's true that he received

$195.00 TWELVE HOURS AFTER APPOINTMENT;

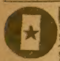
Langley, liveryman, $115 first day; Rasp, agent, $1685 in 73 days; Beem, solicitor, $164.25 weekly for 12 weeks; Korstad, farmer, $2212 in a few weeks; Zimmerman, farmer, $3556 in 30 days; Juell, clerk, $6800; Hart, farmer, $5000; Wilson, cashier, $3000 in 30 days. Let us refer you to these men, to the U. S. government, to banks, business houses, noted people. Heed this caution from Chas. Starr, of Mich. "Sorry this field is closed. Should have acted sooner but was skeptical. Your local man's great success has set everybody talking and proves I was a chump. Wonderful what a man can do with a real opportunity." Then read this from Lodewick who acted quickly: "Lucky I answered ad. It's great. Money coming fast." Which will you be, Starr, a victim of "neglected opportunities" or Lodewick, the "early bird!" Avoid regret, send a postal this very minute.

SPEND ONE CENT TO MAKE THOUSANDS

Strange invention startles world. Gives every home that long-desired blessing, a modern bathroom with hot and cold running water facilities for only $6.50. No plumbing—no water works—self-heating. Only ten minutes to install. Gives cleansing plus friction, massage and shower baths in every room. Equivalent to any $200 bathroom. Over 200,000 delighted users. Used by U. S. government.

More remarkable than this invention is our startling plan of universal distribution through special representatives who virtually become profit sharing partners in a business that's immense—exciting—fascinating—dignified—and above all, has enabled them, will enable you, to get $1000.00 per month, per county. Asking to be shown doesn't obligate you one bit. Investigate today by all means.

ALLEN MFG. CO. 460 ALLEN BLDG., TOLEDO, O.



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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box [illegible], Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of [illegible] by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

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Do your children wet the bed at night or clothes during the day time? Do older members of your family lack control and have to get up many times each night? If they do, it is not a habit but a disease called Enuresis. Write to us and we will send you Free a package of Tablets. If it conquers this disease tell your friends about it—Send No Money. Write today. Address

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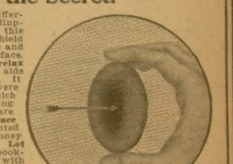
New Invention With Great Healing Power That Never Fails to Give Instant Relief. Free From Strangulation and Operations. Stands in a Class by Itself Without a Fault. The Arrow Points to the Secret.



My Hollow Cushion Shield is different and an improvement over all Rupture Appliances. The secret of this wonderful invention is that the shield extends beyond the rupture edges and thus affords a soft holding surface. This allows the injured parts to relax and settle in the hollow, and aids Mother-Nature in a healing way. It holds by covering. Not by a severe pressure and a round face pad which painfully corks the rupture, making it larger each day. You, who are wearing iron bands and round face pads and having been disappointed and discouraged, paying out money and no cure but getting worse. Let me help you. Send for my little booklet which is fully illustrated, with price list and measurement blank attached. Now listen! It will hold you with ease and comfort. Cheap. Single $5.00, Double $6.00, Navel $7.00. Remember, you send only part the price with order. Balance when cured. This is left to your own honesty.

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This
Pillow Free!

Be It Ever So Humble
There's No Place Like Home

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Everything but the

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design to the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

—— —COUPON— ——

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is a ..... subscription. (new or renewal) ...
Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

Name .....

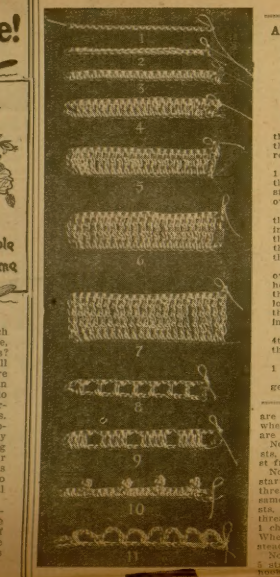
St. No., P. O. or R. F. D. .....

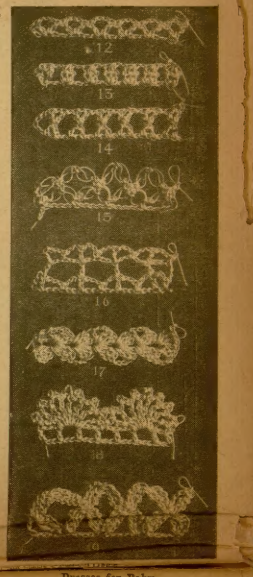
Town .....

Box No. ..... State .....

The Making of Simple Crochet Stitches

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.





FOR the beginner, crochet "workers" a complete set of stitches and their abbreviations are here illustrated and described. These nineteen different stitches comprise the majority of the most used stitches in crochet work.

This work is so popular it would be advisable to keep this issue as reference, for during the year the terms and stitches described will be given without further instructions. Lack of space often prevents descriptions which have already been published.

No. 1, Chain Stitch, ch st—For this make a loop on hook, pull another loop thru it, forming 2 ch st, repeat for the number required.

No. 2, Slip Stitch, sl st—Make a ch, skip 1 st, insert the hook into next st, thread over hook, draw thru ch st and loop together. This is used in passing from one place to another without making a visible st.

No. 3, Single Crochet, s c—Make a ch, skip 1 st, insert the hook into the next st, thread over hook and thru the ch st, forming 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops, forming 1 s c.

No. 4, Double Crochet, d c—Make a ch, thread over hook, skip 3 sts, insert hook into next st, draw thread thru ch, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, forming 1 d c.

No. 5, Treble Crochet, t c—Make a ch, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into next st, draw thread thru ch, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, forming 1 t c.

No. 6, Double Treble Crochet, d t c—Make a ch, thread over hook 3 times, skip 5 sts, insert hook into the next st, continue as for t c, until but 1 loop remains on hook.

No. 7—Treble Treble Crochet, t t c—Make a ch, thread over hook 4 times, skip 6 sts, insert hook into the next st, continue as for t c; this st is seldom used and only with very fine thread.

No. 8, Space, sp—Make a ch, thread over hook, skip 7 sts, for turn, insert hook into next st, * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts from * forms 1 sp. For starting Filet crochet, to count the ch sts, allow 3 sts for each sp, 5 sts to turn. For 14 sp, make 47 ch sts.

No. 9, Group, gr—Make a ch, 1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into each of the next 2 sts, forms 1 gr of 4 sts, 1 d c from, otherwise 4 d c into 4 sts form 1 gr. Where 2 or more gr join 3 d c, form each gr after the first gr. For example, 7 d c form 2 gr, 10 d c form 3 gr.

No. 10, Picot, p—Make 4 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st from hook, thread over hook, draw thru both loops, forming 1 p; sometimes 3 ch sts are used, and occasionally 5 ch sts form a p.

No. 11, Loop, l—Make a ch, 1 s c into 7th st, * 5 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 1 s c, from * forms 1 l; for longer loops 7 or 9 ch sts are used, but then the number is given; when no number is mentioned 5 ch sts are used.

No. 12, Triangle, tri—Make a ch, skip 5 sts, * 1 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 d c into the same st from * forms 1 tri.

No. 13, Cluster, cl—Make ch, skip 3 sts, start a d c, draw thread thru 2 sts, * thread over hook, insert hook into the same st, thread over hook, draw thru 2 sts, repeat * having 4 loops on hook, thread over hook, draw thru all 4 loops, 1 ch st, to fasten, complete cl. When longer sts are required use t c instead of d c for "3."

No. 14, Cross Treble, c t—Make ch, skip 5 sts, * thread over hook twice, insert hook into 6th st, thread over hook, draw thread thru, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, 1 d c, 1 ch st, insert hook into 2 sts at the joining of the 2 lower sections, make 1 d c, from * forms 1 c t.

No. 15, Fan, fan—Make ch, * draw loop on hook out to ¼ of an inch in length, thread over hook, draw thru loop, insert hook in long loop, thread thru, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook thru both, repeat * 4 times, skip 5 ch sts, 1 s c for the length required. On the next row make 2 s c over the joining of the 2 sts and 1 s c between the sts.

No. 16, Lacet, la—Make ch, skip 5 sts, * 1 d c, 3 ch sts, skip 3 sts, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, skip 2 sts, from * forms 1 la. On the next row 1 d c over d c, 5 ch sts, over la, forms 1 sp. These rows are always made alternately, sp above sp, etc.

No. 17, Fan, f—Make ch, 3 t c, 2 ch sts, 3 t c, all over 4th ch st forms 1 f. Small fan of d c, large fan of d t c. Sometimes 5 t c form ½ the fan.

No. 18, Scallop—Make ch, then one row of sp, * 1½ c, over first sp, ** 1 d t c into next sp, 1 p, repeat ** for 9 d t c, repeat *. These scallops are made of 5 or 7 t c, or d t c.

No. 19, Block Stitch, bl—Make ch, * skip 3 sts, 1 t c form a ch, 3 t c form a ch, 1 t c form a ch, 3 ch sts, repeat * for a row, 12 ch sts, turn, catch into connecting st of 2 ch, 7 t c into 4th ch st, continue. 2 rows form 1 bl.

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches.

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Mending Union Suits.

CROCHET hook and cotton may be employed to mend the tops of union suits when the binding has given out.

This heading usually is the first thing to go in women's vests and union garments because of the constant tying and untying of the ribbon and the strain on the heading of the garment is put on and off.

When the stitches have begun to give way so that the ribbon will not hold neatly clip away all the raveled ends and the unworn heading that remains, and then with crochet cotton and hook make a new ribbon heading in a loose double or triple crochet stitch.

A Knitted Sofa Pillow.

A KNITTED sofa pillow makes a very acceptable present either for the friends or relatives "across" or at home. It is easy to choose a design for one and easy to keep it square or oblong. The best way would be to choose a pattern to go by that includes a monogram, but it is not necessary. One can easily make the pillow by a pattern designed for a bedspread.

Dresses for Baby.

DAINTY dresses can be made for baby with pretty blue or pink stitching. An adorable little frock recently seen at a bazaar favored the high neck, long sleeves and double overskirt.

The front of the tiny blouse was finely tucked and stitched in colored thread. The simple collar, split both front and back, was outlined with French knots. One of the features that made this little frock quite distinctive was the smart empire belt fastened with two pearl buttons and buttonholes of a miniature size. The frock closed in the back from neck to hem and could be opened out and ironed flat, a convenience busy mothers will appreciate.

If you have a baby and are kept busy "dressing" her, try making her play dresses real fun frocks and the dressy ones smart and economical.

To Mend Stockings.

THE woman who is bored by the housewifely occupation of stocking darning, yet who likes to crochet, can combine duty with pleasure by crocheting stocking rents instead of painstakingly weaving a darning needle in and out, in and out, across gaping holes.

Use a fine crochet hook and soft split worsted. Go all around the rent first and then with a single crochet stitch work inward to the center of the hole, filling in the aperture with the crochet stitches.

This is practicable only when the hole is in a large one, in the heel or knee of a stocking, but it is a quick and pleasant method of mending badly worn hose.

Quaint Linen Embroidery.

SOME of the quaint flower and pheasant designs on old English dinnerware are being reproduced on linen embroideries for dining-room and boudoir. The colors of the embroidery are warm reds and yellows with a dash of old blue, and should harmonize well with English cretonnes for bedroom use. Sets of doilies and centerpieces, with this flower and pheasant embroidery, are very attractive for table use in combination with china that shows similar patterns.

A Novel Knitting Bag.

KNITTING bags still are the vogue and one recently seen was particularly worthy of note. Vertical stripes of Chinese embroidery alternating with dark satin stripes gave a handsome effect to a knitting bag of generous size.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

AGENTS WANTED

NEW MONEY MAKING INVENTION—VENtilated Chemical Indoor Closet for country, village and suburban homes; banishes obnoxious outhouse; no plumbing; no waterworks; no cesspool; absolutely odorless; thirty days' free trial granted; every village and farm home a customer. An order at every house; one man made $111 commission in eight hours. Another sold 28 in one day. O. W. Kriker has averaged over $100 a week for past six months, being able to work only about half time on account of ill health. Exclusive territory. Contract. Biggest real cash winner ever offered to agents and general agents. Full particulars and proof free. Write today. Address Shafer Mfg. Co., 467 Cotton Bldg., Toledo, O.

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for finest kale raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $62.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A deposit of $2.50. Your average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of five months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders and $200 a week for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B121, Dayton, Ohio.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful new suit, made to your own measure free, and make $10 to $15 a day every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a fine extra income. Write me today at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 272, Chicago.

$25.00 WEEKLY; INTRODUCING "WYNOpat" Gold Window Letters. Furnished free newspaper advertising and circulars. "Wynopat" letters fasten to any customers, all nationalities; enormous sales to colored people. Sample free. Wynolyn B. Co., Covington, Ky.

MEN & WOMEN—100% PROFIT INTROducing shower bath & shampoo outfits. $9 to $18 daily. Every home a prospect. Every home a buyer. Money-back guarantee. Credit exempts ready cash. Write quick. Affordain Mfg. Co., 1502 W. Adams St., Mutuic, Ind.

BUTTER 4C A POUND. PRODUCED BY the Pilot Butter Milk Process. Enormous money saving investment. Housewives delighted. Price $2.50 sent on a trial basis, money refunded if not satisfied. Pilot Butter Maker Co., Dept. 1, Kansas City, Mo.

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300% PROFIT—AGENTS CLEARING hundreds weekly. New washing compound. Big seller. Big repeater. Manufacturer's nightfall cleanser. Send for proof; free sample. C. Mitchell, 1214 E. 61st street, Chicago.

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PORTRAIT MEN — AGENTS OR CREW to demonstrate enlarging and new projection. Frames and convexed glass at factory prices. Guarantee portraits, prompt shipments. Write Portraits of Fame Co., 2609 Burt St., Chicago.

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AGENTS—SPECIAL LEADER NOW ready; be on top; agents coin money, big value advantage of our free sample offer at once. C. H. Buchanan, Corydon, Ind.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SCAP GAME that gets 4 out of 5. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lonzanian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

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MAKE MONEY WITHOUT MONEY IN developing and printing kodak pictures. We start you in business, furnish everything; no capital required; we instruct you; you work in spare time only; no canvassing; big profits; booklet free. Write today for particulars. The Camera Shop, 839 Davis St., Evanston, Illinois.

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BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 350 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE; paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. $5 per hundred. Send for prize paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN WANTED, THOUSANDS GOVernment jobs open. $100 month, list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C95, Rochester, N. Y.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LANDSEEKERS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY to own a farm in the large tracts of good land suitable for general farming, poultry, fruit growing, stock; only $16 to $20 an acre. $10 to $50 down, balance in small monthly or yearly payments. Near towns, schools, good transportation. Low excursion to Michigan. Write for full information and booklet free. Michigan Land Co., K1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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MY SEVENTEENTH EDITION HANDSOME, illustrated, descriptive catalog now ready for mailing. It's free. Send for one today. Gives facts about 500 Virginia farms, stock, dairy and some wheat farms for sale. Also 100 exchanges from property. Business established 29 years. Allen A. Latané, Agent, Bradleyshorg, Va.

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POOR MANS CHANCE: $5.00 MONTHLY buys 10 acres productive land near town, healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 4256-S, Carthage, Mo.

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FORDS CAN BURN HALF COAL OIL, OR cheaper fuel. Attach our 1917 Carburetor; 54 miles per gallon guaranteed. Easy starting. Great power increase. Attach yourself. Big profit selling for us. 10 days' trial. Money back guarantee. Styles to fit any automobile. Air-Friction Carburetor Company, 546 Madison Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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CASH FOR INVENTIONS AND PATENTS. Write Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

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$25 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTEREST in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

FORTUNES IN OIL LANDS. SMALL monthly payments will soon be in possession and gives you interest in well. $100 for every $1 invested possible. Free particulars. Act quick. Postal will. Associated Service Co., National Bank, Houston, Texas.

$25 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INterest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

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$75.00 STARTS YOU INTO THE MOVING picture business with complete guaranteed outfit, machine, screen, film and everything required. Make big money immediately. Details free. Feature Film Exchange, 124 Exchange Ave., Memphis, Tenn., Dept. H.

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CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH, SOME or worth $10.00 per set (broken or not). Send immediately—we return cash by return mail. We remit by package. We pay highest prices for old gold, silver, and platinum, also diamonds, watches, jewelry. (Cut out adv.) U. S. Smelting Works, 302 Goldsmith Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 126, Chicago.

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ASK US—INFORMATION FURNISHED ON any subject, or purchases of any article illustrated in our catalog. Our service rendered, full information for three cent stamp. Chicago Information Purchasing Co., Lock Box 640, Chicago, Ills.

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IMMENSE PROFITS RAISING BELGIAN hares for us. We furnish stock and pay you $2.00 each and expressage when three months old. Contracts and booklet 10c. Thorsen Rabbit Co., Aurora, Colorado.

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WILL PAY $2.00 FOR 1904 DOLLAR, or proof; 10c for 1815 nickels S. mint; $100.00 for dime 1894, S. mint. We want thousands of coins. We offer up to $1,000.00 for certain dates. Send 4c now for our large illustrated coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEDICAL

FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST forms of blood disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

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CASH PAID FOR PRODUCE. COLLECTOR made $186 fortnight. Learn business, stamp for list 300 plants. "Market Facts." Box 1900, Badger Medical Plant Growers (Buyers-Exporters), Rhinelander, Wis.

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YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR ideas! Hundreds now wanted. Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books—tell how to protect yourself, how to invent ideas, wanted. How we help you sell, etc. 265, Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

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TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. Full treatment sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

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MARRY—FOR WEALTH AND HAPPINESS, thousands wealthy, worth $1,000 to $100,000; descriptions free; best matrimonial paper in America that positively guarantees quick results. Both sexes; many rich; mention or description free, sealed. Western Club, Box 776, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free, sealed. Ribbon Club, Kansas City, Mo.

WOMEN! DON'T SUFFER FROM WEAKness and irregularities. Don't needlessly lose money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WOMEN, only read; sure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, and private diseases. Write for free symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Edwards, 503 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth $1,000 to $100,000. Confidential. Descriptions free. Club 19, Kansas City, Mo.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Prophetic Chart, 25c. Ella Elliott, Box 1, Decatur, Ill.

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HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Exchange postcards and letters with lovely people 10c. Quality Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

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MAGIC WORDS! SECRET, SURE METHOD of obtaining anything you want. Postpaid for 10c. Lida Smedley, 141 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies, descriptions. Directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Box 771, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when City. Mo.

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GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published mailed free. Ladies Blairsville, Penna.

JOIN AMERICA'S GREATEST POSTCARD Membership 10c. Thirty postcards free. Friendship Club, Logansport, Ind.

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MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. Real Estate Exchange, Peoria, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, photos, descriptions, sealed free. Mrs. Thomas, Box 1, Boston, Mass.

RE A SPIRIT MEDIUM, GIVE READINGS, heal the sick, $14.00 course only $1.00 key. Thomas, 39 Bickerstaff, Boston, Mass.

WOULD YOU MARRY? HUNDREDS photos and descriptions free. No fakes. The Correspondent, 69184, Charlotte, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 2064 B, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Offer of Free Catarrh Treatment REPEATED

OWING TO THOUSANDS OF REQUESTS

Please Specialist Sproule, won't you repeat that offer you made in Boyce's Weeklies last September? You have cured me of that loathsome Catarrh, and now I want my friends to have the same glorious results. I bless the day I saw your ad in this paper."

So many, many letters like this, have come to me, in reply to my offers of Free Catarrh Treatment, that I have resolved to repeat my offer.

I have been both glad and sad at these letters. Sad because I realized the vast amount of suffering to be relieved and the hopelessness to be overcome; glad because I knew what my treatment would do and that I might be the instrument to bring such joy to the sufferers.

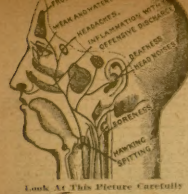
To you who suffer from Catarrh, here is help, freely and gladly offered. Do not think because you have heard that Catarrh was incurable, that it cannot be cured. Along with the other 20th century conquests, has come the conquering of this disease, which has rendered life miserable for untold millions.

RESTORED HAPPINESS

Listen to this from Rhodesdale, Md.: I am still feeling well in every line and form. I am glad that I wrote you concerning my Catarrh for I feel like a new person since you cured me of that terrible disease. I cannot say too much about what you did for me. I am in the best of health and both looking and feeling fine. I can truly recommend you to anyone who wishes to be cured of Catarrh. JAMES B. COLLISON.

Would'nt you like to be in the condition this man is? Here is your opportunity. Send for a Free Catarrh Treatment.

WHAT CATARRH IS



Look At This Picture Carefully

You see those black patches; those are the cavities in the head in which the germs of Catarrh lodge and multiply, until you can see how every head becomes a mass of festering sores inside.

Little wonder that your head aches, that your eyes are weak and watery, that the discharge from the nose has the awful odor of decay, of which you are many times unconscious, because the germs have attacked the nerves of smell.

Then follow the picture down, see the ear tubes attacked, Deafness and Head Noises resulting; then the throat passages with the soreness and scratchiness, and the incessant hawking and spitting of slimy mucus, which is almost unbearable to the onlookers, be they friends or foes of yours.

A TERRIBLE DANGER

And then when you have seen these things, you must stop and think of the danger of letting that way reach the cells of the lungs, until the Great White Plague — Consumption — has gripped one more victim with its relentless arms.

Moreover, Consumption is not the only deadly disease started by Catarrh; there are others which progress even more insidiously. That horrible mucus which sticks in your throat by day, slowly works its way down when you sleep, and the droppings make their way into the lungs and to the stomach and through the system.

MY NEW 3-FOLD TREATMENT

TO BE GIVEN AWAY

Just glance at that picture again and you will see the necessity of a 3-fold treatment, and you wonder why it has not been used long before this. When you receive one of these free treatments, you will see how every detail has been carefully worked out, — how conscientiously every part has been thought out and put together. In brief, if you are a thinking man or woman, you will realize that the 3-fold form is the only proper form for the treatment of Catarrh.

Remember that wherever a mucous membrane, like that which lines the nose and throat, is found, you have a fertile breeding place for Catarrh germs, once they have gained a foothold in the system. Since there are very few spots in the body where this membrane is not found, you can see the risk you run. If you have Catarrh, you need my new 3-fold treatment. It has cured where all others have failed, and what it has done for others it can do for you.

My treatment has been able to attain wonderful results. I have worked over it for the last 20 years. I gave up the position of Surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service to devote myself to the study of Catarrh. That disease has been my specialty, and I am glad indeed to be able to offer to the American people the results of my years of experience. That the treatment has been appreciated, has stirred my heart to the depths, and I am more than glad to make this announcement again —

For a short time I will give away, Free, my new 3-fold Catarrh Treatment,

In Response to the Thousands of Requests From Friends of my Cured Patients

SEND FOR IT TODAY

Don't wait but write today. All you have to do is to write a post card or note. Address it to Catarrh Specialist Sproule, 306 Trade Building, Boston. By return mail you will receive one of these free treatments. Seeing is believing. If you have Catarrh, I want to help you — cure you — and this is why I offer to send you a Free Treatment at your request.

I know what it will mean to you to be rid of all your dull headaches and stupid feelings; to breathe clearly and be rid forever of that loathsome mucus in your nose and throat, the repulsiveness of which the Doctor and the well are even more aware than the victim.

Don't suffer with Catarrh — don't walk around with a burden of disease. Just write for my treatment for Catarrh. Remember this is Free. It won't cost you but the two cents for a postal. It is the same offer which I made before, and of which hundreds availed themselves, and are now well.

See those four grateful people in the next column. Wouldn't you give a good deal to be in their shoes? I offer you the means to get them. Get your pen and ink, or a pencil if handy, write your request "Please send me your Treatment for Catarrh Free." Sign your full name and address, and put my address on it. Drop in the mail box, and then as quickly as the post will bring it, you will receive one of these New Treatments which has done so much for so many other Catarrh sufferers. Write today to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

(Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service)

306 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

IF YOU COULD SEE THE LETTERS

in my office, in answer to those other offers of mine, you would be surprised and glad. From all over the country, from rich and poor, young and old, have come letters of grateful thanks for the wonderful benefits received. The patients I gained through that advertisement in your paper, are no longer patients but grateful friends.

Because my heart goes out to those afflicted with Catarrh, and because the testimonials I receive every day convince me more and more that my New Treatment is the one to stem the ravages of the disease, I am making this free offer again, at a great cost of money and time.

Don't hesitate to take advantage of this offer, but write at once. I shall hope to soon add your name to my long list of cured friends.

Four Grateful People

Mrs. H. Lansing Elwood

Dear Doctor —

I am still enjoying the best of health and I thank you very much for all the good your treatment did for me. You have made trouble with my throat, no more hawking up of mucus, none of that tired, run-down feeling I had before you treated me. I know that by taking your remedies in time I was saved much misery and I shall always feel grateful to you for the good health you restored to me.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

MRS. H. LANSING ELWOOD.

CURED OF CATARRH

29 Monroe St., Silver Creek, N. Y.

Dear Doctor —

It is nine years now since you treated me for Catarrh and I have had no return of the disease since. My appetite is good, bowels regular, and I can breathe freely through my nose all the time. No more pains and aches. No more bother with my eyes. I owe your treatment for being the strong healthy man I am today, and now that I am married, with my own home and our little baby girl, I appreciate all the more the wonderful good you did me. My wife and I count you as one of our best friends, although we never saw you. With all best wishes, I am,

Your grateful friend,

EMIL LANGE.

Mrs. Lizzie Carson Mr. Benj. S. Clarke

WONDERFUL CURE

2750 Boulevard Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

My Dear Dr. Sproule:—It seems almost foolish to try to express in words what your wonderful remedies have accomplished. After using your treatment for a very short while I am well, yes, EXCEEDINGLY WELL, better than I have been for twenty-five years. A second write volumes, if space would allow, for I feel good enough to write the world, but fully knows only to myself. I consider my cure a marvel. MRS. BENJAMIN CARSON.

CATARRH CURED

LETTER FROM BENJAMIN S. CLARKE.

Thurman, Colorado.

"Dear Friend—I take pleasure in writing you in regard to my case of Catarrh. I feel well and strong. I do not take cold so readily, I have a good appetite and I do not have with my work now as I did before. I believe your treatment will do all you claim for it, if I waited to see if the disease would return but it has not returned. I am perfectly cured to stay cured."

If for any reason you failed to take advantage of Catarrh Specialist Sproule's offer in our September issue, don't fail to write for Catarrh Treatment Free, now. We know the Specialist intimately, and we unhesitatingly recommend him to every one of our readers. Write to him and you will see why his name is a loved household word all over America.